Week ending August 18 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

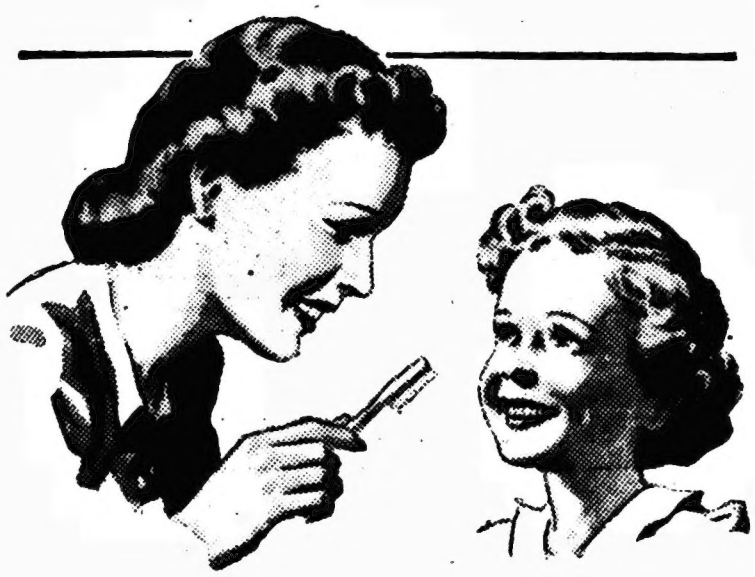
Every Thursday

FOOLS MAY BE DANGEROUS

The Truth About 18B

SHE GUARDS HER

magnesia smile...



She's got that sparkling smile that mother loves to see! She makes sure that she keeps her teeth clean, healthy and free from discoloration by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia,'* which corrects mouth acid, so often the cause of dental trouble.

Children use Phillips' Dental Magnesia gladly because it leaves the mouth feeling clean, and they love its flavour.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

★ 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Lifebuoy by getting rid of both germs and dirt with its antiseptic lather, makes every home a healthy home.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

L 412-690-55 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

-Smart men shave with

Ever-Ready CORRUX **Blades**

"Breast-feeding is best. but Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and milk is an excellent substitute, digestible and nourishing, inexpensive and easy to prepare. At six months let Robinson's 'Patent' Groats give baby his first easy lesson in dealing with a mixed diet."

ROBINSON'S
'PATENT'
BARLEY & GROATS

"Steps to Health". Send 1d. stamp to Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ.49, Norwich, for a copy of this invaluable booklet on the care of infants.

CVS-49

As good as they always were...

You get pre-war quality and the full alcoholic strength resulting from natural fermentation when you get V.P. wines; grapes from the vineyards of Empire are grown and gathered for their production here in England. No longer plentiful they are still moderately priced. No other wine can give you such satisfaction for

6/6

Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

POINT BRAND **V.P. wines**

RICH RUBY * SWEET WHITE * BRITISH SHERRY

"There! A SPOTLESS SINK IN NO TIME now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy a 7d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser today.

Go Modern WITH **MIRRO**

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

3ID

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

PACKED ONLY IN 12 OZ. TINS

'SPAM' is not sold loose at the grocers. You can buy 'SPAM' only in the 12 oz. rectangular tins with the *name* clearly shown—there are no other sizes. We are sorry that, at present, supplies are restricted.

★ *'SPAM' is a registered Trade Mark, and can be used only in respect of the product of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A.*

How to hold the camera still—and why

Sharp snaps need a steady camera. So click the shutter with a slow movement of finger or thumb alone, keeping the hand and wrist still. Best stand with feet apart; camera in both hands and steadied against the body; elbows against your sides—not away from you as in diagram. Hold your breath while you click. For exposures longer than 1/25 sec. always use a tripod or other firm support.

KODAK' FILM is scarce because of war needs so please make the most of it

F.32X

John Freeman & Co., Ltd.,
"Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks
45/1

wins comfortably

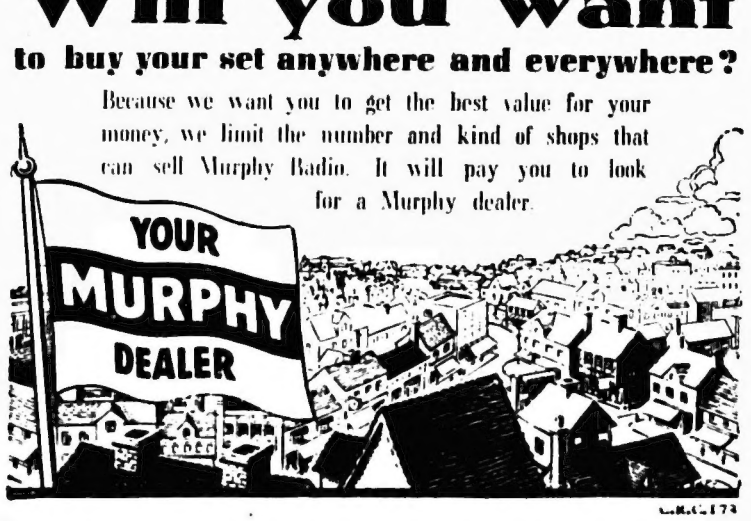
Amongst young, active people, Wool wins every time. They like the comfort of Wool next to them, absorbing moisture without growing damp or clammy. They like the healthy texture of Wool, never lying quite flat against the skin and always allowing free circulation of air.

WOOL IS THE WORD FOR HEALTH

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat

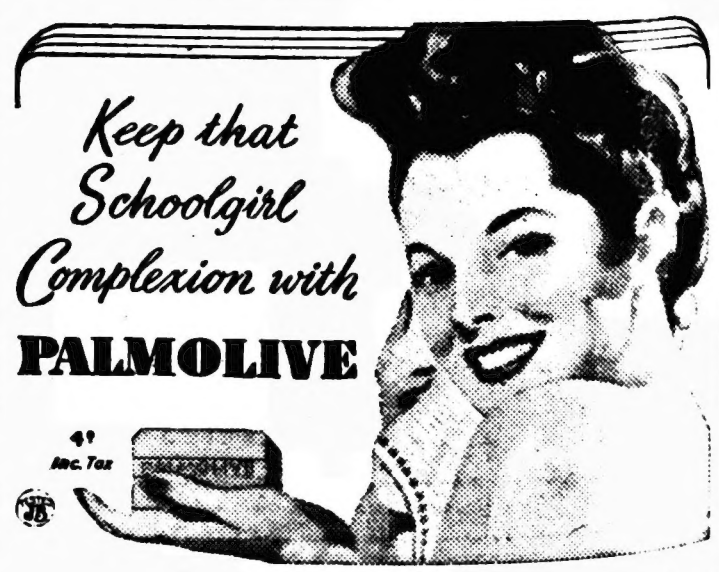
Will you want to buy your set anywhere and everywhere?

Because we want you to get the best value for your money, we limit the number and kind of shops that can sell Murphy Radio. It will pay you to look for a Murphy dealer.



L.M.C.173

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with **PALMOLIVE**



4½ Inc. Tax

Without Fear or Favour

HAVE SCIENTISTS GONE TOO FAR?

THE BOMB that shattered Hiroshima shook the world. It struck at the foundations of human society, threatening all mankind with death.

Has science gone too far? ask people everywhere. Have we, in blind pursuit of knowledge, lost wisdom, so that our boasted civilisation is like a toy in the hands of an idiot child?

All mankind's sense and conscience answers: NO.

In unleashing the forces of the atom, science has placed at the service of Man a natural force immeasurably surpassing all others in its terrible power. But this is a gift which can be used for good as well as evil.

Therefore, we say, be of good cheer.

The atom bomb means peace—not war.

It has descended, out of the blue, upon a warring world like the "monstrous crow" which scared Tweedledum and Tweedledee into ending their quarrel.

Forward-looking thinkers have long warned us that science would eventually force on civilisation the alternatives of abandoning war or going under.

NOW, AT HIROSHIMA and other Japanese towns, the inescapable ultimatum has been grimly delivered. The warmongers have no choice but to surrender.

To that end the new weapon must be controlled with every conceivable safeguard by an international judiciary acting on behalf of mankind. All similar scientific developments in the future must be subject to the same central authority, making scientists (as they themselves have always desired) benefactors of mankind, not servants of the aggressor.

Let us praise, not accuse, science for its latest conquest. Born in terror, atomic fission gives promise of boundless blessings in years to come. This is a tight corner, but, given courage and good sense, we shall round it safely.

Humanity marches on.

The Editor

Debunk Japan's Emperor Myth

Occupation Plans. Balkan Kings. Men who Talked. Telephones and Office Boys. Boxing in Italy. Greyhound St. Leger

WITHIN THREE DAYS the fate of Japan was sealed. The explosion of the first atomic bomb, followed almost immediately by the Russian declaration of war, extinguished Koiso's last hopes of dragging the conflict out for another year, and tiring the Allies into leniency.

Fate of Hirohito

Major headache is what to do about the Emperor.

There has been strong support in Washington for a plan to preserve his prestige as the Son of Heaven and use the throne as a symbol of peace in a new democratic regime.

In London, however, the idea always was to make the Emperor sign the surrender, and then get rid of him.

If necessary, bring him to justice as a war criminal.

Undermining the Myth

The atomic bomb now offers an unrivalled opportunity to break the prestige of the Japanese throne once for all.

The Emperor is worshipped as a god, the descendant and representative of the sun. But the power of the new weapon loosed on Japan comes from those very forces which burn in the sun itself.

Here, to minds steeped in the older forms of religion, is proof that Heaven has turned against the Emperor, that Hirohito is no longer a god.

"Decent Nations"

IN ANY CASE, administering Japan looks like being an even more difficult task than administering defeated Germany.

The physical destruction in the country may be much greater, conditions of famine and disease much worse.

"We are going to do what we can," said President Truman on his return from the Berlin Conference, "to make Germany over into a decent nation, so that it may eventually work its way from the economic chaos it has brought upon itself back into a place in the civilised world."

The ultimate aim for Japan must be the same.

Occupation Team

THE BRITISH ORGANISATION which is to take part in the administration of Japan after the occupation is now complete.

It has not been easy to form. Even in peace time there were few enough British people who spoke Japanese, and fewer still with any knowledge of Japanese politics or administrative experience.

Of those we had, many were trapped in Japan at the sudden and treacherous onset of hostilities, and only a handful have returned.

Foresight

Fortunately the British authorities have been looking ahead.

Shortly after Pearl Harbour a school was established for British officers to learn the Japanese languages, Japanese institutions, and Japanese ways of thought.

It is this school which has been supplying our Forces in the Far East with intelligence officers, and it is from this school that much of the personnel for the occupation administration has been recruited.

Tangier, the Moorish city just inside the Straits of Gibraltar which Franco grabbed in 1940, is now going back to International control

European Kings

MEANWHILE IN EUROPE the problem of what to do with crowned heads is even more pressing. In Greece and Yugoslavia the monarchy has in the past been closely associated with the forces of reaction.

The progressive parties want to get ahead with reconstruction, and with laying the foundations for social democracy.

Churchill tried to tie them down to many months of marking time, until arrangements could be made for full dress elections.

Clash in Yugoslavia

In Yugoslavia Marshal Tito has refused to wait. Last week he called for a Republic. King Peter replied by cancelling his authorisation of the Regency.

The best indication of Tito's democratic intentions is his announcement that the country will now be open to Allied newspaper reporters, and the censorship discontinued.

We will look forward to the first free and detailed reports of conditions in Yugoslavia with special interest.

No Nonsense in Greece

Full reports from Greece are not yet available.

After three years of insistence by Churchill that King George II remain in office, despite the protests and even a mutiny of the Greek army in exile, after the intervention of British troops in the beginnings of a civil war in Athens, Britain is peculiarly responsible for what happens in Greece until the people are given an opportunity to vote.

Our new Labour Government has no particular interest in Balkan kings, and Mr. Attlee has made it clear to the Greek Regent that we mean to take our responsibility seriously.

Tangier: International

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT about the outcome of the Tangier negotiations.

This Moorish town at the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, was under international control before the war. It will be internationalised again, with Russia and America sharing in its administration.

Franco, who seized it for Spain when the Allied fortunes were at their lowest ebb, will be allowed no say in the question.

Twilight of the Falange

Franco's efforts to persuade the Allies that he is a lifelong pacifist and a democrat at heart are meeting with the contempt they deserve.

Their only effect has been to provoke angry demonstrations from the more rabid of his own fascist supporters.

There is every hope that before very long Franco will be out. If the Spanish Republicans, with the goodwill of the British Labour Party, could compose their differences, there would be no doubt about what would happen.

Otherwise it may be necessary to arrange for a "Caretaker Government" of civil servants to take over and organise elections.

Argentine Shift

THERE MAY BE CHANGES also in the Argentine dictatorship.

The lifting of the "State of Siege" last week and the restoration (in theory at least) of personal liberty, is the first clear result of United Nations pressure.

A strong group of army and navy officers have demanded the resignation of the Vice-President, Colonel Peron,

"MY 20 YEARS' FAITH IN JOHN BULL IS CONFIRMED,"

writes Mr. W. Hope, of Chathill, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

who led the revolution which put President Farrel's regime in power.

But Peron, who commands the army, is a tough nut to crack, and his henchmen are still flooding the country with violent anti-American propaganda.

Unrra Discusses Food

THE COUNCIL OF UNRRA, meeting in London, is concerned with the world's food supply. The position is difficult, but not quite desperate.

There will be enough wheat if transport does not break down, and reasonable supplies of tea, coffee and dried fruits.

Chief shortages will be meat and fats. You can grow new crops in a single summer. Flocks and herds take several years to breed, and the world's animal supply is seriously depleted by removal of farm hands, lack of fodder, and the direct ravages of war.

Unsealed Lips

SERVICE LEADERS are discussing what action (if any) should be taken against returned British prisoners of war who unwittingly or through stress of circumstances gave away information of some military value to the Germans?

Among the Nazi records we have secured in the British occupied zone are the full Luftwaffe notes of the interrogation of R.A.F. aircrew personnel made prisoner.

The R.A.F. was carefully and persistently briefed in how much they were bound to say to the Germans when questioned: just number, name, rank, and home address of next of kin; nothing more.

No matter how they were questioned, or what inducements were offered, they were to say nothing more.

The Luftwaffe records show what a very, very small proportion of officers and other ranks broke their orders and gave away more than they should.

Talkers' Camp

There was in Germany a prisoner-of-war centre known as "The Talkers' Camp," where the conditions were much easier than in the normal camps, and extra privileges were given.

The worst cases are likely to be court-martialled and, if their offences are proved, severely punished. Some are already under arrest.

But all former inmates of "The Talkers' Camp" are naturally suspect, and their records are being closely investigated.

The Right Spirit

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Isaacs for his success in negotiations over railwaymen's wages.

It was a sticky wicket for a Labour Minister in his first week of office, but Mr. Isaacs was helped by good will on both sides.

Everybody realised that a railway strike at this stage would be disastrous, and the country is grateful to both sides for the spirit in which the negotiations were conducted.

No Answer

THE NEW GOVERNMENT is facing complicated problems in nearly every department.

At the Post Office, for instance, Lord Listowel will have to do something about the long-distance telephone service.

At the London Trunk Exchange there are often as many as fifty calls waiting. In other towns delays of three, four and even five hours are common.

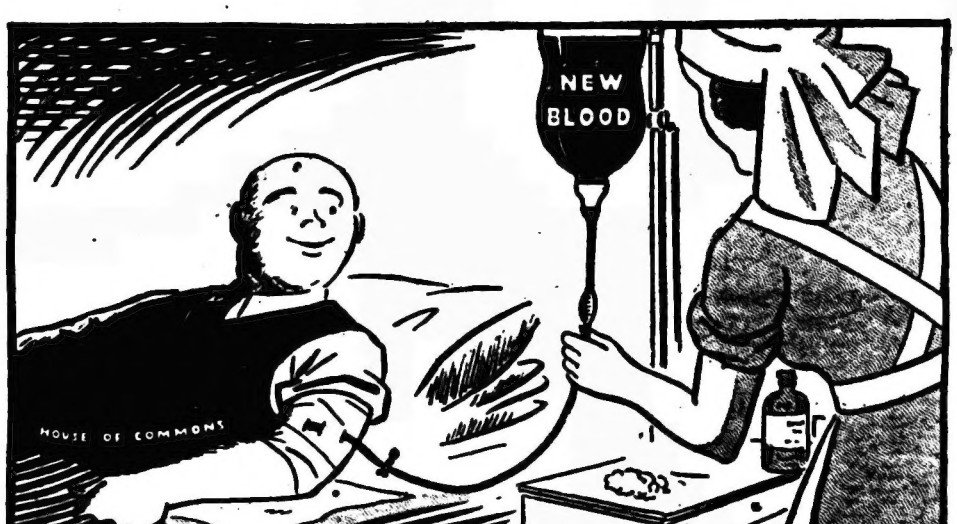
Worst of all is the failure of Trunks in many cases to answer at all within any reasonable time. Subscribers have waited for three-quarters of an hour and longer without getting any reply.

In the Services

One soldier at Southampton tried to ring up his wife recently at East Putney to ask her to join him for one last day before his departure to the Far East.

He completely failed to get through, and had to leave without even seeing his wife.

Post Office officials agree that things are bad. They blame lack of staff. And yet there are thousands of switchboard operators in the Services who have practically nothing to do now that hostilities in Europe have ceased.



"I FEEL A NEW MAN ALREADY, NURSE!"

Office Boys Return

ANOTHER DEMOBILISATION PROBLEM, long foreseen, is now cropping up all over the country.

What happens to the office boy who was called up at the beginning of the war and now returns as a retired major looking for his old job?

Most firms are doing their best to find them more responsible positions, but it is not always easy.

The qualifications and training which go to make a good officer may not necessarily fit a man for a senior job in a specialised business.

The Law is Vague

Eventually the Ministry of Labour may have to take the situation in hand.

The law about Servicemen's jobs was notoriously vague when it was passed. It expressed good intentions rather than a statute capable of being enforced in detail.

But the general principle is agreed by everybody, and with enough good will it may yet be made to work.

Advice for the Asking

Meanwhile, there is Colonel R. A. C. Radcliffe and his Resettlement Advice Centres—anything up to 400 of them in various parts of the country.

Their sole purpose is to help returned Servicemen in all the difficulties they may meet in trying to take up their proper place in the civilian community.

Commissioned office boys should give them a trial.

Television

BACK FROM AMERICA has come Arthur G. D. West, President of the British Kinematograph Society and Britain's greatest authority on the technical side of television.

He is head research man on television for the vast Rank organisation. American television, reports West, has not got ahead of Britain. The Americans are doing far more experimenting and their publicity departments are busy.

But the large-sized television screen used at the Rauland Television Corporation's research works at Chicago is a British screen, and the Americans have so far produced nothing to equal it.

The day of nationwide house-to-house television reception with everyone looking in as casually as they now listen-in is still some way off.

Q-day

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST queues continues. All sorts of remedies are suggested.

One of the worst, put forward last week, was that women should be required to shop at special times—those whose names began with A on Monday morning, the Z's on Friday evening, etc.

The fact is that only two things will stop queues: First, more supplies, so that you know you can buy what you want whenever you visit the shop.

Second: Better service. Shops you can rely on to be open all day. In some cases more labour is needed to enable the shops to keep open.

In some cases—not all.

HE GIVES A MESSAGE TO LABOUR

William Davis of Battersea

JOHN BULL this week gives this space to a seventy-year-old veteran of the Labour Movement. Meet William Davis, of Sumburgh Road, Battersea, S.W.12, who saw the growth of Socialism in Britain. "Yes, I remember the old days," he said. "It was in 1892 that we won our first two seats—John Burns got in for Battersea, Keir Hardie for West Ham. No pay for M.P.s then. We had to start a Burns Wages Fund to give him £5 a week. But sometimes cash was short and he didn't get it.

"Old age should not boast, but I think it was the moral courage and enthusiasm of the unknown rank and file that laid the foundations of this great Labour Victory of to-day.

"We saw a vision of a better world. It seemed a long way off, but we had faith, and now it's in closer focus. To Labour in Power I say: The past was ours, and we're proud of it. The future is yours. Keep faith. You must not, dare not, fail."

From Custard Pies to Bob Hope

BOB HOPE, the Englishman who has become America's favourite clown and earns so much money from his films that his enormous radio salary barely pays his surtax, is a classic example of the financial heights to which a film star can soar to-day.

It was not always so. Back in 1907 there were no such things as film stars. The advertisements of the rapidly growing film industry were concerned with £30 projectors and 500-ft. pictures with such titles as *The Custard Pie King*.

For some years apparatus of various kinds, including a device for producing "the only perfect talking and living pictures," were all the industry could shout about.

The First Real Stars

It was not until the beginning of the Great War that names of personalities began to appear in the announcements of the leading film makers.

The first real screen stars were the serial queens and kings who dared death and destruction in fifteen weekly episodes—Pearl White, Ruth Roland and Eddie Polo.

Stars like Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin (then seen only in two-reelers) only rose to prominence when the serial personalities had made the running.

These facts were discovered from the files of the *Kinematograph Weekly*, the oldest film trade paper in the world, which is now celebrating its two-thousandth issue.

British and Yanks Won't Fight

A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN American and British interpretations of the Queensberry Rules has led to a deadlock in arrangements for Anglo-American boxing contests for Servicemen in Italy.

The Americans are still running plenty of boxing shows, but they are meeting mostly Italian fighters—both amateur and professional—and many of them are second-rate.

The sensation of the moment is an American professional lightweight—a coloured boxer of the name of Cain, who has inevitably been christened "Sugar."

Italian Shows Them How

Meanwhile, the outsized Primo Carnera is touring Italy giving exhibitions to troops. He does not intend, however, to start boxing again professionally.

He is reported to have plenty of money and lives with his wife and family on his own farm.

Carnera is a rare example of a big man who made good in the ring. He gave the lie to the old boxing proverb: The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Speed at the Dogs

GREYHOUND ENTHUSIASTS have been asking for longer races. They will shortly be getting them.

A 700-yard "St. Leger" is to be staged at Wembley, and there will be a serious attempt to break the present track record for the distance.

This is held by the Birmingham crack Model Dasher at 39.73 seconds—a speed of just over 36 miles per hour.

THE BOMB THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

War has produced a weapon that can end all wars—if man so desires

by A. G. GARDINER

A NEW EPOCH HAS OPENED for the world. In the twinkling of an eye the whole destiny of mankind has been changed. ll the mysteries and marvels of this astound- ng war shrink to nothing before the flame hat sent Japanese cities and their thousands f people in one huge duststorm to the skies.

Over the whole earth humanity stands thrilled nd appalled before a spectacle whose implica- ons baffle the imagination. For the explosion of he atomic bomb is a revelation that foreshadows new earth, a new heaven, or perhaps a more earsome hell for the sons of men.

In its presence the war itself is overshadowed. e see it as a dreadful mask, behind which the eal battle has been fought for the release and ontrol of the forces of Nature.

In the stillness of laboratories in Britain, in merica, in Germany a feverish race has been un for the disclosure of the ultimate secret of osmic energy, the possession of which would be ecisive in the struggle.

It was "a d——d near run thing," as Welling- on said of Waterloo, but the victory was ours.

Beyond the Present

It came just too late to affect the issue of the ar with Germany, and we may rejoice that urope was spared the culminating horror of the tomic bomb. Or perhaps, when the end was en to be inevitable, we deliberately withheld it.

We sought to withhold it from Japan. The olemnity of Mr. Truman's warning, in his call Japan to surrender, was a clear indication of he immensity of the woe which was threatened. n rejecting it, the Japanese Government ordained he awful doom that has befallen their unhappy eople.

That it is this which brought the Japanese to heir knees so quickly cannot be doubted. The tomic bomb, in the end, has saved life and ssened the ravages of war.

But this world-shaking event projects the ind beyond the present. It faces us with the emendous choice: either the end of war or the nd of the world.

This alternative has been shaping itself with readful emphasis for thirty years. The first orld war declared it; the second world war en- rced it: the atomic bomb clinches it inexorably.

In the presence of this terrifying power of estruction, the mere idea of war has become in- ane, unthinkable, criminal. Man's genius has reated a monster of destruction which, if left un- controlled, will immolate the whole human race and destroy all regulated life on this planet.

But the very magnitude of the horror opens the means of escape. For the atomic bomb makes obsolete all the existing mechanism of war.

Armies cease to matter. Military strategy ceases to matter. All that matters is the mon- strous power that science has released and that threatens all alike.

United We May Live

It is no longer a question of nation against nation. It is a question of all mankind against a demon we have made and can unmake. In this struggle there is no rivalry among ourselves. We are all fighting for our lives against the spirit of darkness.

In this community of peril is our hope. We have made the monster ourselves. We have per- verted the marvellous achievements of science to evil purposes and our own national ends.

Now that the atomic bomb reveals war as the impartial enemy of all, we have a common motive of salvation.

The world is made one by the terror which is universal. And a united world can abolish war. It can destroy the monster which a disunited world has created.

In this connection, a special responsibility rests upon the English-speaking world. Nothing has been more gratifying to ourselves and the ground of more hope to the world in these tragic years than the spirit of loyal co-operation that has existed between this nation and the American people.

Common Property and Common Peril

We have been drawn nearer to each other than we have ever been since the separation more than a century and a half ago, and the invention of the atomic bomb is the most sensational fruit of the collaboration.

There can, of course, be no exclusive control of so terrible a power. It must become the respon- sibility of the new world organisation for peace. And this for obvious reasons.

In the first place, this is a matter that tran- scends all national boundaries. No one can yet forecast the results of so astounding an interfer- ence with the very nature of the universe.

It is only 25 years ago since Rutherford first split the atom, and at the beginning of the war its practical exploitation was still a dream of the long-distant future. But generations of research have been crowded into the five feverish years which have culminated in the bomb on Hiroshima. Under the urgencies of the war vast risks have been taken with the fundament elements of the earth by which all nations live and have their being.

Henceforth, there must be no irresponsible tinkering with the giant forces which are the common property and the common peril of the world. Only the United Nations authority can be permitted to control the mighty energies now released from the mysterious universe that we inhabit.

In the second place, this terrific power that has come so suddenly and startlingly into our pos- session is the key to the whole problem of the world's future.

If controlled for the common good of man- kind, it will end war. If uncontrolled and left to the riot of national rivalries, it will end the world. It will make it "a wilderness indeed, peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

Dawn of Uranian Age

But in the hands of the Security Council, the mighty atom will become the symbol of the world's unity and the guarantee of its in- destructible peace. It may well be that in that terrific flame in which Hiroshima and Nagasaki perished, our posterity may see the birth of the happier world that this tortured generation hands on for its secure inheritance.

In that event, the marvellous triumphs of science which have so often been perverted to the purposes of destruction will come into the con- structive service of mankind.

The mighty atom, instead of blasting the earth, will make it blossom as the rose. Years of research will be needed to realise its enormous possibilities, but it opens up, even now, a vista of incalculable promise.

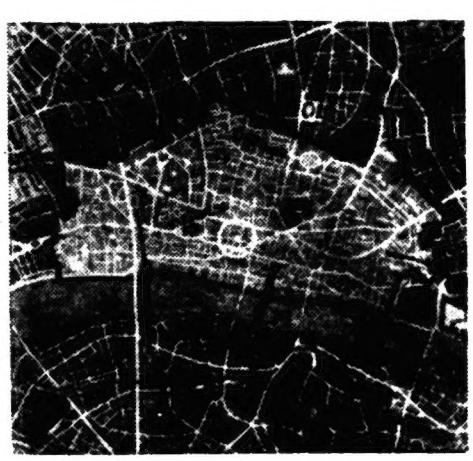
It will harness the world's wagon to the hitherto latent energies of the universe. It will lift the burden from the back of Labour, enrich the whole standard of the general life, and pro- vide resources of inexhaustible power which will remove all anxieties about the future of our coal measures and our oil wells.

And all this beneficence will be "in widest commonalty spread." The quarrel of the "haves" and the "have nots" will cease, for all will share alike in the riches that the mighty atom will scatter at our feet like flowers.

The bomb of Hiroshima has set the seal upon the San Francisco Charter. In that Charter is the only hope of regulated human survival on the earth.

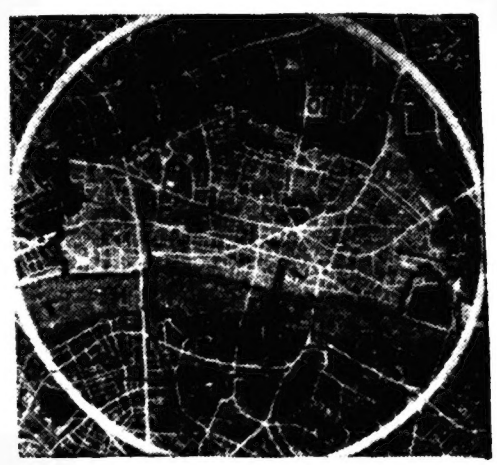
Central London outlined: Scale 4" to 1 m.

A fair sized bomb in 1900 would blow out a floor of a 3-storied building. Blast radius about 30 feet



A bomb dropped from a Zeppelin could totally destroy four houses and severely blast a 300-foot radius

A large block-buster of 1944 wiped out complete blocks of buildings and badly damaged a radius of half a mile



The Atomic bomb wipes out over four square miles and its blast damages buildings seven miles away

George Tomlinson needs a new broom at the Office of Works

OPEN LETTERS

Rt.- Hon. George Tomlinson, M.P.

Minister of Works

DEAR SIR,—You have inherited one of the trickiest tasks in Westminster

The Office of Works has a large proportion of the Government's building contracts to let. With big planning and building schemes in the offing, for which it must supply the materials, the scale of its operations will be larger than ever.

There is money in building contracts and the supply of materials.

Your office is at present staffed, partly by permanent Civil Servants, partly by business men lent to it for the duration of the war.

Many of these retain their private connections with the building trade. Many still have direct interests in firms competing for Government contracts.

Even when their intentions are scrupulously honest, these men are bound to be biased—biased towards old-established practices, biased in favour of the firms they know.

You will have your work cut out to see to it that the rebuilding of Britain is not sabotaged, whether intentionally or unintentionally, by men with closed minds and an axe to grind.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Basil Dean,

Director of Ensa

DEAR SIR,—Ensa was founded at the beginning of the war to organise entertainment for the British Forces. It has been provided with ample facilities and Government money. Hardly a single Serviceman has a good word to say for it.

Apart from a few productions taken over complete from the civilian stage, it has not got one good show to its credit.

Of all the companies it has formed and sent out to the Middle East, to Europe, and to India, the vast majority would not have lasted a week in any reputable English theatre.

The stage profession, anxious to take their share of entertaining the troops, have reluctantly come to look on Ensa employment as a stigma. The B.L.A. is devising other methods of getting actors and actresses to Germany.

It is too late now to live down the unfortunate reputation which Ensa has acquired during the war. Why not close down and hand over to the new Arts Council?

Under the initials of C.E.M.A. it was respected by the troops. It did not underestimate the intelligence of our soldiers, sailors and airmen And it had the confidence of respectable actors and actresses throughout the country.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Wilfred Paling, M.P.

Ministry of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will take the first opportunity in your new post to remedy a long-standing injustice.

If a British Serviceman is disabled and is already married he gets a pension with an extra allowance for his wife. But if he marries after he has become disabled there is no wife's allowance.

Worse still, if he dies as a result of his disablement his pension stops. There is nothing for his widow or children.

The only exception is in a few extreme cases of total and "unemployable" disablement. Otherwise, for thirty years the Government has taken the line that a wounded soldier marries at his own risk—and his wife's.

This is grossly unfair to the young Serviceman who has every right to look forward to being married, even though he may be wounded in the service of his country.

Now is the time to set it right.—JOHN BULL.

W. J. Edwards, M.P.

Civil Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will take an early opportunity of visiting the big naval barracks at Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham. As an old stoker you will be able to sympathise with our sailors in the shocking conditions they have to put up with ashore.

The barracks were built at the beginning of the century and are hopelessly out of date.

They are grossly overcrowded. At Chatham as many as 27,000 officers and men have been quartered in buildings meant to accommodate only 10,000.

At Devonport 9,000 to 10,000 men are crowded 250 to a room, with hammocks slung a bare 30 inches apart. At Portsmouth last week there were 6,000 more than at any previous period.

Long hours are spent every week in queueing up for food, for washing, and for stores. Naafi arrangements and facilities for recreation are wholly inadequate.

For years our sailors have put up with these miseries, as an inevitable consequence of war.

Now that peace has come in Europe, and may not be long delayed in the East, I am sure you will want to make it your special business to see that conditions are improved.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson, M.P.

Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—A member of JOHN BULL'S staff was on sick leave recently in London. He was demobbed from Regents Park. But first he had to travel (*a*) to a depot near Rotherham, (*b*) a collecting centre near Strensall, and (*c*) back by night train from York to London.

All he did before reaching the dispersal centre was to have a medical examination and answer a few routine questions.

A Scottish officer, due at the dispersal centre at Redford Barracks, Edinburgh, half an hour's drive from where he was serving, was routed via a depôt near Oxford and a collecting centre at Taunton.

Are all these journeys really necessary?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

LOOK AROUND

MANY, MANY PEOPLE complain from time to time that life is "dull." Day after day, always the same round, the same routine; no adventure, no thrills, no variety.

No? Are you sure? How many times have you been invited to meet new people—and declined? How often have you been invited to go somewhere, to do something unusual—and said you wouldn't? How many times has opportunity beckoned you and been unrecognised?

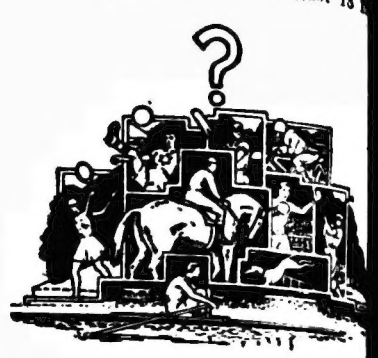
Life—it cannot be said too often—is what we make it. If it is dull, it is ourselves who make it dull; if it is varied and exciting, it is we who make it so; if we choose to suppose that opportunities and the chance of great things never come our way, it is ourselves we should blame, not life.

"Daughters of time, the hypocrite days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars and sky that holds them all."

We should do better to stop sighing for chances that never come, and look round to see what opportunities we have thrown away. We should get a shock, a salutary shock!

The "hypocrite" days! Don't let them deceive you. They all look so ordinary, so alike, so dull, so prosaic. But "hypocrite" is the right word.

They contain, every one of them, all the adventure and all the thrills, and all the riches in the world—but *you* must find them!



Argument

A great money-making spo
boom is predicted—b

DO PROFESSIONAL
RUIN SPORT

yes

1. The world watches sport becau it likes it, and no better reason needed. Few human enjoyments a more innocent.

2. Those who delight us with gre spectacles, sporting or dramatic, a alike worthy of their hire

3. The actor who seeks perfecti in his rôle must give his life to This, in his own sphere, is what t sports-pro does, and the perfecti he achieves has great artistic val

4. The crowds which watch gam mostly play them, too, or have their youth. They play them t better through learning from t skill of the professional.

5. The alternative to the pro. always the "shamateur." There is Russia no professionalism as know it, but good athletes are oft made "factory inspectors" to h them from one club to another. T Press has exposed the scandal.

6. The "shamateur" of tennis a far less desirable figure than t honest-to-God pro. of tennis, cric or football.

7. Since public good sense alw keeps its abuses in check, commerc sport is a valuable national as Kings and prime ministers, by th presence, give it their blessing.

no

1. The essence of sport is that y yourself take part in the game the love of it.

2. Professionals may love the ga but they are under constant pres to love money more.

3. Once sport becomes an indus the cut-throat competition of co merce destroys sportsmanship.

4. American colleges have be accused of hiring brainless athle for their teams—and even award them degrees—so destructive sportsmanship is the urge for p licity and cash which domina commercialised sport.

5. When men start playing ga as a living the whole healthy p portioning of life between work a play is lost and the results are b all round.

6. Crowds at huge sporting ev behave very much as they did at gladiatorial shows of Ancient R applauding favourites in vic booing them in defeat—rarely elevating spectacle.

7. In Russia sport is idolised professionalism, save that of instructor, is unknown. When true dignity of work is recognised man will wish to make sport livelihood.

HER HUSBAND REFUSES

Four Answers to a Woman Reader's deeply human problem, published in full by JOHN BULL in the belief that they may help others

"I WAS married eight years ago when I was twenty-three. My husband was twenty-seven. We decided not to have any children for the first two years of our marriage. Then the war came. My husband wasn't called up—he is an expert machinist—so we have not been separated during the war like thousands of other people.

"Now our original decision about children has stretched from two to eight long years. My husband absolutely refused to let me have a baby so long as the war lasted, and he still holds the same view. He has, of course, taken his own means to make it impossible for me to have a child. I have taken no steps whatever.

"I am desperate to have a child, but I do not want to see my marriage destroyed. What is my legal position? Do you consider my husband's objections are largely psychological, and not material? He says he still cares for me, but his attitude is driving me slowly away from him."

A LAWYER'S way out

THE LAW CANNOT COMPEL her husband to give her a child. All it can do is to place her in a position—at the price of the utter destruction of her present marriage—to have a child in a second marriage.

The legal position is clear. Under the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937, either spouse is entitled to have the marriage annulled if the other spouse has wilfully refused to consummate the marriage. Until quite recently non-consummation was generally understood to mean non-intercourse.

A few weeks ago, however, the Court of Appeal declared that the mere fact of intercourse—even regular intercourse—does not prevent the Courts from finding that the marriage has not been consummated at all. Henceforth, the law will regard intercourse to be incomplete whenever it is deliberately discontinued before it reaches its natural termination, or when that natural termination is artificially prevented. If the intercourse of the spouses has *always* been incomplete in this sense, the Courts will be prepared, at the instance of the innocent spouse, to annul the marriage.

What does innocence mean in this context? It means that a wife who has from the outset and over a long period consented to the use of contraceptives cannot, all of a sudden, ask for the annulment of the marriage on the grounds that she has changed her mind, but her husband refuses to give her a child. Only if there was good and sufficient reason for the wife's original consent to the use of contraceptives will the Courts be ready to help her.

What is good and sufficient reason? Medical advice, for certain. (In the recent case to which I have referred precautions had been taken with the wife's consent for not less than five years. But those five years the couple spent in Persia, at a time when the danger of child-bearing for a European woman in that country was very grave indeed, and the Court of Appeal has accepted this explanation.)

It is too early yet to say what further reasons—other than medical—the Courts will accept. Will they admit, in particular, that financial considerations, or a young woman's very natural desire to continue in her profession for a while instead of assuming the duties of motherhood at once, that such and similar reasons are equally good answers to the question: Why has the wife (or the husband) originally consented to the use of precautions?

All this yet remains to be seen. But it is reassuring that the judgment of the Court of Appeal has not expressly excluded such economic and social considerations. Each case will be decided on its own merits.

To sum up: The law now guarantees for every husband and every wife the right to at least one child. Neither a husband nor a wife is entitled deliberately to frustrate the other partner's craving for a child, and if he or she does, the marriage can be annulled.

The remedy is drastic, even though it is incomplete in the sense that it does not guarantee a right to *more* than one child. But, even so, the recent judgment of the Court of Appeal will go down in the history of the marriage laws of this country as (socially and psychologically) one of the most progressive judicial pronouncements of our period.

A PSYCHOLOGIST explains

ONE OF THE BASIC ENDS of the sex-act in marriage is procreation. For a husband to refuse his wife a child, without medical reason, is to deny one of the great purposes of marriage. When this occurs it is in a sense true to say that there has been wilful refusal to consummate. The wife should be able to be free of such a husband. In practice, however, this would rarely happen. There would be something abnormal about a man who preferred to see his marriage ended than to give his wife a child. The decision may redress a few genuine wrongs. But, unless strong safeguards can be introduced, it may lead to widespread abuse. There are three risks attached to this decision.

First: It may encourage a form of "trial marriage." Supposing two young people marry on the understanding that one uses a contraceptive until they see how they are settling down together. If later on they decide to dissolve the union, it would seem that it is only necessary for one to ask the other to stop using the contraceptive, and for the other to refuse, to provide the necessary evidence for nullity.

Second: It may bring us nearer still to what is virtually the dissolution of marriage by mutual consent. Everyone knows that divorce and nullity are now frequently obtained by mutual agreement, despite the fact that this is technically illegal. At present this involves some kind of reflection being cast upon one of the partners—adultery, cruelty, impotence, etc. This newly found ground would imply merely that one partner was unwilling to have a child—involving little or no social stigma.

Third: It might raise serious questions concerning the nature of adultery. If intercourse with contraception between the partners does not consummate a marriage, it will not be long before somebody suggests that intercourse with contraception between one partner and a third person does not violate the marriage!

A PRIEST forbids

MARRIAGE IS A CONTRACT by which a man and a woman give each other the right to that full sexual intercourse which is necessary for the begetting of offspring. If, in spite of an external form of marriage, either party definitely excludes the right of the other party to such full sexual intercourse, the marriage is *no* marriage. It is null and void from the beginning. But that will be difficult and usually impossible to prove.

Marriage, therefore, makes the *use* of the sexual faculty between two such persons morally lawful and praiseworthy. But it cannot make *abuse* of the sexual faculty permissible. Contraceptive intercourse is always and in all circumstances an abuse of the sexual faculty and is never permissible. This remains true even when both parties consent, and it is still more obviously true when one party desires full intercourse. In this latter case, in addition to the abuse of the sexual faculty, there is the injustice to the other party in that the right solemnly promised in marriage is withheld.

To Be or Not to Be?

The country, in attuning its conscience to this misuse of marriage, has drifted into a moral morass difficult to get out of. Perhaps impossible.

The only remedy is the radical one of re-education to a wholesome outlook on the rights and duties of marriage. That may be possible if there is real love. Short of it, frustration will continue even if the parties separate. By consenting to, or acquiescing in, contraceptive measures for a time, a wife or husband encourages the indefinite continuance of this abuse.

A DOCTOR suggests

MY ADVICE IS: Go and see your husband's doctor, lay the facts before him, and ask him if he will have a chat with your husband. The doctor will point out to him that your physical and mental health will deteriorate as a result of your differences, and your marriage will end disastrously.

Were I tackling the case personally I should probably find that you have not entirely appreciated his viewpoint. He may feel that he does not want to create a new life which possibly in less than twenty years' time may be sacrificed as "cannon fodder" He may have an uncomfortable feeling that his present job is insecure and that it would not be fair to you or to the child to face an uncertain future.

The possible lack of necessary additional accommodation, the extra expense, the necessary economies in his personal spending-money, and the sudden alteration of his eight-year-old routine, may be other factors which he is weighing up.

Possibly a workmate who has children and whose domestic life is not running smoothly may tell your husband that he is a lucky fellow. He may even have frightened your husband with stories about his wife's bad confinements and the illnesses his children have contracted, or the trouble that they have been getting into.

Your husband may even have a fear, common to many husbands who don't understand, that if you have a child the latter will take first place in your affections and that he will be neglected.

An experienced and understanding doctor will be able to meet all these objections, and he will emphasise that your husband's attitude is detrimental to your health.

Fools May be Dangero

With Japan's defeat the release of the few remaining "18B detainees" is expected What lay behind "18B"? Why was the Home Secretary given powers of detention without trial which, wrongly used, might have struck at the very roots of British freedom? Our Special Commissioner, WILLIAM J. GAGE, now tells the full story.

Left to right: John McNab, Mosley's chief lieutenant of the late British Union of Fascists. Sir Barry Domville, once chairman of "The Link." Sir Oswald Mosley, Leader of the former British Union of Fascists. "Count Geoffrey Potocki of Montalk" recently "knighted" a pro-German pacifist

ON THE NIGHT of May 20, 1940, there was feverish activity at Scotland Yard. The Special Branch worked at high pressure. Within the space of a few hours some thirty men and women, among them figures of note in their localities or professions, were held in Brixton or Holloway Prisons. Within the next few months the number reached the thousand mark.

One moment they were free citizens, the next they were deprived of all personal and public liberty. All that friends could discover was that they had been "detained on the instructions of the Home Secretary" and classified as "18B."

Two words ensure the freedom of the subject in Great Britain. "Habeas Corpus"—"thou shalt produce the person"—a directive no authority can in normal times ignore. Anyone arrested must, within the soonest reasonable time, be produced before a magistrate and the reasons for detention explained in open court. Failing such explanation the magistrate will order the release of the detained person. This certainty is indeed the main pillar of our law.

But 18 B, a clause of the emergency regulations hurriedly passed at the outbreak of the war, abolished this precious right. Power was given to the Home Secretary that if certain evidence was placed before him by his officers he might order the detention of any man or woman, without statement of charge or jury's decision as to guilt, for "as long as His Majesty deems it wise."

Sinister Fellowship

This power, "bordering on the supernatural," as one legal authority described it, was a terrible responsibility. Did the Home Secretary use it wisely? What was the evidence on which he acted?

In the years before the war it was widely known that many persons in Great Britain, some of high standing, were openly in sympathy with Nazi Germany, admirers of Adolph Hitler, believers in an alliance with the Reich.

Such opinions were not in themselves treasonable, for to wish a better understanding between two nations and to seek earnestly to promote it is in essence a laudable object. The Anglo-German Fellowship, a movement which existed for some years before the war, was on the face of it no different from the many other bodies devoted to producing good international relations, cultural societies planning exchange of visits and the study of foreign literature or art.

But from the moment of Hitler's accession to power, Germany was bent on world domination, and sought by every means to penetrate and corrupt those nations she hoped to conquer. In this process of corruption the Anglo-German Fellowship, despite its innocent appearance—by which many well-meaning adherents were completely deceived—played a powerful rôle.

Founded by one of its members and closely connected with the Anglo-German Fellowship was an organisation known as "The Link." Its chairman, Sir Barry Domvile, had served with distinction in the Navy and had been Director of Naval Intelligence between 1927 and 1930.

That he should have had treasonable intentions is unthinkable But step by step he was led by a misguided political philosophy to actions which might well have imperilled the State.

His pro-German sympathies were doubtless strengthened by his marriage with a charming and gifted woman of German origin whose maiden name was Alexandrina von der Heydt. In the years before the war he was a constant visitor to Germany. He knew Hitler well, and spoke of Goering, Ribbentrop and Himmler as his close personal friends. A signed photograph of "Der Fuehrer" stood in a place of honour on the desk in the library of his spacious Roehampton home.

Fêted and flattered by the Nazis, he was drawn continually closer into their web of intrigue. Perhaps his greatest moment came when he was guest of honour at a Hitler Regiment celebration in Berlin.

It must be stated in his favour, however, that he was not alone in his sympathies. Sir Nevile Henderson has told of the efforts made at this time to make contact with leading Nazis on terms of friendship. Colonel Lindbergh, most famous of American airmen, was similarly beneath the Nazi spell, and was received in many stately homes of England, which welcomed him and his creed.

Sir Oswald Mosley's history is too well known to need recording in detail here. Many who joined his British Union of Fascists did so in the belief that he was the "strong man" destined to save Britain from Bolshevism, a belief which, no matter how foolish it might be, they were entitled, in a free country, to hold. But as the ties which bound him to Hitler grew stronger, the clearer-headed among his supporters saw the pit into which he was leading them and withdrew their support. As he felt his power declining he became more and more misguided in his actions.

"Hail, Mosley," in Blood

That he was connected with the "Link" is certain. It is also proved that this body engaged in many activities of which some members were completely unaware. They would doubtless have been horrified had they known of them.

During the first months of the war the Special Branch were able to prove that certain of the less prominent members of the "Link" were still receiving subsidies from Germany. It seems incredible, but it is a fact.

In the summer of 1940, soon after a strange organisation called "Information and Policy" had been formed—it shared offices in Southampton Row, London, with "The Link Manufacturing Company"—the Home Office axe fell.

Early one morning in July, while Sir Barry and Lady Domvile were at breakfast, Special Branch officers called at their home.

They read the Home Office order and asked him to leave with them immediately.

He showed concern at first, then calming, asked permission to make a few telephone calls, after which he accompanied the officers with a dignity born of long naval training.

The party went first to Scotland Yard, where formalities of arrest were completed. While there, Sir Barry asked if he might write one or two letters, but when told that they would be subject to censorship, he changed his mind.

Later his wife, and their son, Compton, both active workers in the "Link," were similarly detained. Lady Domvile behaved well, but with a certain arrogance, perhaps natural to one of such high connections Her cousin, a wealthy baron (also a Von der Heydt) was a great friend of the ex-Kaiser In addition to castles on the Italian lakes he had an estate at Zandvoort on the Dutch coast—not far from Doorn, where the Kaiser lived during his years of exile.

At the time of Sir Barry Domvile's arrest there were many who felt that it must be an error, that no matter how deeply he might have sympathised with the German cause, he could not be guilty of acts prejudicial to his country. But in July, 1940, the facts of the Olive Evelyn Baker case became known, and it was seen that the Home Secretary's action was amply justified.

The charge against Olive Evelyn Baker was that of circulating literature relating to German wireless propaganda "with intent to assist the enemy and to the prejudice of public safety."

The literature gave the wavelengths of what was called the New British Broadcasting Station, a radio transmitter which, situated in enemy territory, purported to be a secret British station operated by an anti-war party in this country.

That this woman was a devoted member of the British Union of Fascists may be seen from the fact that while remanded in custody she cut her wrist with a broken plate and wrote in blood on the walls of her cell the words "Hail, Mosley," over the Fascist sign.

A portrait of Hitler was found in her possession, another of a German friend named Fritz, a pass signed by Goebbels, and certain very illuminating letters.

One from Sir Barry Domvile spoke of the New British Broadcasting Station and said: "It is grand. Ramsay (meaning Captain Ramsay, ex-M.P.) asked questions about it in the House and gave it a good advert."

Another letter found in her rooms was from Miss Unity Mitford, sister-in-law to Sir Oswald Mosley, which said: "What a lot of English people are pro-German."

Miss Mitford, whose former notoriety in the Hitler entourage ended in personal tragedy, was writing as secretary to a German who was head of "The Ring," Nazi counterpart of "The Link."

Society Underworld

To trace in full the ramifications of pro-Nazi workers in Britain on whom mild retribution descended in the shape of 18B is to gain an interesting, if appalling, picture of the state of mind of certain sections of "Society," including its fringes and hangers-on, in the pre-war years.

Blind hatred of Russia, fear of the working classes, a sense of personal importance not recognised by the world—these are the main factors which emerge as motivating the ill-starred pro-Hitlerite in this country.

But within this general formula you will find an astonishing variety of types. In Hitler's rise to power the occult played its part. Society astrologers were suborned by the Nazis to influence those whom it was intended to corrupt with the Fascist ideology. The "Society underworld," dabbling in black magic, vicious and credulous by turn, which Hitler used in Berlin, comes into the London story.

The anti-Russian mind sees Bolshevism as a satanic force. Why not use black magic to fight

rous

it? Some 18 B detainees were deeply involved in this crazy and evil cult.

In tracing their actions, astonishing characters come to light. The "priest" who confided to trusted associates that he was "political adviser to the Archbishop of Canterbury" (needless to say, this was pure imagination); the West-end quack-psychologist who told the pro-Hitlerites he had been retained by "a group of influential persons" to rescue the Prince of Wales from black magic spells engineered by "a financial group" who sought the destruction of Britain. . . .

Or the group of "patriots" who trained a body of "picked men" to rescue the Prince, who they said was "imprisoned" near Ascot, by whose orders was never clear. . . .

Knaves Behind Fools

Much of the story is so silly that it is hard to think of the actors as more than unbalanced fools.

Take, for example, that grotesque figure who, in red robes and "Crown" jewels, has masqueraded for years as "Count Geoffrey Wladislas Valle Potocki of Montalk," otherwise "His Majesty King Wladislas the Fifth of Poland." He once informed an unsympathetic magistrate that he sincerely hoped Hitler would win.

He reigns over his own colony of followers and recently "knighted" a pro-German pacifist named Frederick Bowman.

Fools, playactors, you say—harmless. . . .

But, though they little knew it, in the background was always von Ribbentrop, with his Press chief, Roesel, using anybody weak enough to be influenced, telling whatever lie served the purpose of the moment.

The dim-witted play-acting of society neurotics is dangerous. Knaves lie in wait behind the fools. A sudden change in the military situation, the crumbling of France, brought Nazidom to our shores, and Britain, under the threat of invasion, was wise to give a trusted Home Secretary, Herbert Morrison, sweeping powers.

This was no time to stand upon fine points of law. What a man had in fact done was of less importance than what he conceivably might do. If some of those whom 18 B brought to prison were innocent, as may well be, this was a price that the safety of Britain demanded. There was no time for long inquiry.

But can we, in the hour of triumph, brush aside the 18 B group as no longer worth thought?

With peace close at hand they felt the pressure of emergency regulations relaxing and are boldly reorganising. JOHN BULL has several of them under close observation. For instance, there is John McNab, Mosley's chief lieutenant of the late British Union of Fascists, one of the leaders of the special corps of thugs they once employed.

JOHN BULL, while mindful always that the right to free speech of any minority challenging the authorities is a most precious possession, is pledged to investigate and expose any revival of Fascism under whatever guise it may hide.

Next week I propose to strip off certain disguises and show the reviving Fascist menace present in our midst to-day and very much alive.

Strange accents in Whitehall. HANNEN SWAFFER sums up the meaning of:

Plain English at the Foreign Office

IT WAS THE STAFF of the Foreign Office, we may be sure, who were less surprised by the news of the Atomic Bomb than any other people in the world. They had just seen the arrival of their new boss—Ernest Bevin!

Arthur Henderson, once an iron-moulder, had disturbed their serenity in 1929. Now, a former van-boy who had for long swayed the destinies of the Trade Union Congress and who didn't care a damn for anybody, had stamped in and said things in a voice so loud that its slightest whisper shook the cobwebs of their tomb!

Churchill had recently urged a continuity in our foreign policy—"Kiss Franco," "Three cheers for the King of Greece," "Be kind to Umberto," and all that, I suppose.

Directly he ceased to be the real dictator of our international relationships—well, you read what the Big Three said about Franco. And you read how hope inspired the democracies of the liberated lands.

Out of This World

Now, perhaps, we shall be allowed to know the truth about Greece. Churchill, in the hour of the crisis in Athens, ordered the B.B.C. to suppress every word that favoured E.L.A.S. or E.A.M.

I quote from the *New Statesman* these grim words:

> During this war there has been available in London social, political and economic intelligence unrivalled in any other country. But none of this intelligence—unless it suited the bias of the Foreign Office—ever reached the Cabinet. During the Greek crisis, for instance, there was overwhelming intelligence available, indicating the true situation. But the Cabinet had to rely on a series of cables from Mr. Leeper, embodying a *rapportage* coloured to support Mr. Churchill's policy.

Our present diplomatic set-up, not only in Whitehall but abroad, is old-fashioned and effete.

When, after the collapse of France, he escaped to London, Somerset Maugham indignantly complained that he saw members of our Foreign Office staff sitting around smart restaurants, just as though nothing had happened, discussing Art and Poetry and the Ballet, just as they were doing before he left London years before. —Soon after we sent to Washington, in the person of Lord Halifax, an Ambassador who signalised his arrival on a mission to make Americans friendly to our cause, by attending—a fox-hunt!

Surely, after a Europe-wide war caused by Whitehall's utter failure to read the signs of the times all over the Continent, there was an urgent need to end the super-lackeydom that had long fawned on the aristocratic and the rich!

In Warsaw, a month before the war, I heard how our local diplomats, who got their information from the landowners with whom they spent week-ends, had been making a great fuss over Noel Coward.

A week later, in Copenhagen, the staff of the Socialist daily, Britain's greatest friend, told me they had recently called up our Legation to ask for the names of the guests at a dinner-party, only to hear: "Give you information? Who do you think we are—Russia?"

"The King's English"

Even when three working-men—Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini—bossed Europe we sent society pets, the last to understand them, to staff the embassies in Moscow, Berlin, and Rome. And, when Italy was freed, the same sort of people went back to Rome, to pick up their old contacts in the salons and the drawing-rooms of the snobs, and to ignore the masses who, for over a score of years, had fought Mussolini.

When introduced, in Berlin, to a Russian who spoke several languages, Ernest Bevin said: "I find it hard enough to speak the King's English."

It was true. It was in clumsily phrased sentences that, at Blackpool, last Whitsun, he laid down Labour's foreign policy. But that policy dealt with fundamentals that Eden never understood and that Churchill despised—pooling resources, raising the standard of living, uniting the masses.

Why should Bevin be a linguist? When Austen Chamberlain was Foreign Secretary he loved to parade his German and his French, in which he could not have understood every nuance.

Bevin speaks plain English to everybody.

Whom do you think Stalin really respects most, despite all the baloney about the late-night suppers in Moscow and Berlin—a Churchill who made war on the new-born Soviet Republic, and who, in November, 1940, said, "Communism, which rots the soul of a nation in peace and leaves her impotent in war," or a Bevin who, in 1920, formed the Council of Action to stop the war on Russia?

Georgians Remember

Stalin is a Georgian. And Georgians have long and lasting memories.

But Bevin is not only tough. His years of leadership of over half a million transport workers have taught him diplomacy and tact. It was as "the dockers' K.C." that he made his name as a pleader and master of negotiation. The trade union leader of to-day is always negotiating—and under the searching eyes of workers whose livelihood depends on his success.

We live, now, in a new world, one which the Old School Tie seeks to strangle, one in which culture is not the exclusive possession of the well-groomed and the sleek-haired.

Such a combination as Ernest Bevin, the outspoken, and Philip Noel Baker, who spent years in unpaid service to Arthur Henderson at Geneva—he speaks not only French and German, but modern Greek, and is a much finer linguist than Eden—has never before been seen at the Foreign Office.

Beyond Diplomacy

They have taken there new ideas. They are filled with new aspirations. They spread a new faith in our common humanity.

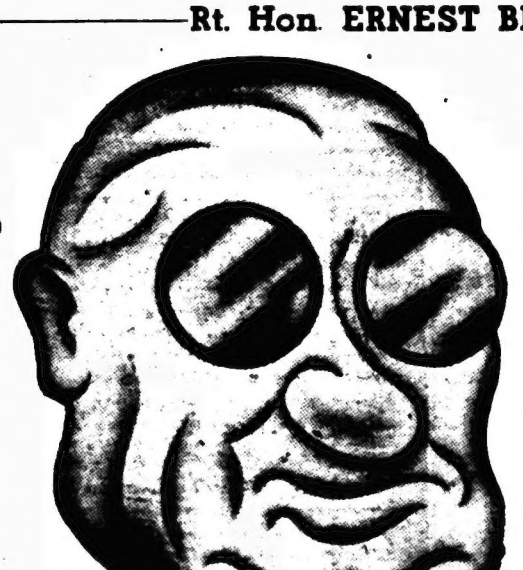
And they take to Whitehall a new knowledge—a knowledge of the masses of the people with whose Governments they will have to establish contacts.

The first hint that he was to be Foreign Secretary was given by Ernest Bevin in a public speech on the night after the declaration of the poll. Here are his words as I recall them: "George Tomlinson, just back from San Francisco—great fellow, George!—said that, after having been at two international conferences, he realised that you can do more by talking blunt Lancashire than all the old words of diplomacy."

I knew then that it was true, as had been whispered, that he was going to the Foreign Office, and that if he was not going to use "blunt Lancashire," for he was born in Somerset, he would speak at least in plain English.

The courage to tell the blunt truth and breadth of mind—those are two requisites in a modern statesmen. Bevin has both!

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN



ERNEST BEVIN AS SEEN BY HALL

born 1881 at Winsford, Somerset. At age of ten began work on a farm for 9d. a week, paid quarterly. Later jobs included page boy, van-man, shop assistant, tram conductor. Joined old Dockers' Union, foundation-stone of the Transport and General Workers' Union, of which he later became General Secretary. Member of Trades Union Congress General Council in 1925 and its President, 1936-37. Minister of Labour and National Service from 1940.

Two authors upset legal and medical theories in new book, which may help to cure crime by revolutionary methods

When They Come Out of Prison

IT IS NOT LONG SINCE the psychologist invaded the field of crime and shook the old-fashioned "expert" out of his comfortable coma. Finally, the two of them came to terms and worked out a new set of theories intended to make the punishment really fit the crime.

Now another revolution threatens. One after another the most-cherished beliefs of the new psycho-criminologists are flattened out by a new book, *After Conduct of Discharged Offenders*, by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.).

To-day it is commonly believed that 80 or 90 per cent. of delinquents are cured after treatment. In fact, the reverse is true.

The two Gluecks show that between 80 and 88 per cent. turn back to crime *within a five-year period.*

Virtuous for a Year

The key to the new discoveries concerning after-prison life lies in this time factor. The idea that a high proportion of delinquents was successfully cured was not a deliberate distortion of the facts. It was merely based on a *one-year* instead of a *five-year* record.

Take the case of eighteen-year-old Sybil, a girl who was subject to wild impulses which usually expressed themselves in an orgy of shoplifting with an occasional assault upon a policeman thrown in. She went to a reformatory. She was treated by a psychologist and gradually educated back to a normal job of work.

Her record for the first year after leaving the reformatory was spotless. The wild cat had become the demure young woman. Investigators could quite legitimately draw the conclusion that her treatment had been completely successful.

In actual fact the first year was quite misleading. In Sybil's case the sobering influence of the reformatory, and the new outlook it produced, were capable of containing the wild cat for one year. But towards the end of the second year the old impulses were pushing through. In the third year they burst out completely. The "cure" had failed.

The facts put forward so convincingly in this book are all based on the five-year period. They throw the old ideas into confusion.

Take another big feature of reformatory schools to-day. Young men and women are taught some form of trade which will equip them to find a job when they are released, and it is widely believed that this training is one of their chief aids to reform in later life.

Traditional Idea

Once again the devastating figures assembled by the authors prove the untruth of this. Some 400 men from one reformatory who had been taught a new trade went out into the world again. Only 131 actually made use of their newly acquired skill. More striking still, no less than 325 cases out of the 400 tried to take up work which bore no relation to the job they had learnt in the reformatory.

Still another deep-rooted belief which turns out to be a rosy illusion under analysis concerns the effect of severe punishment. Make the penalty for given offences sufficiently harsh and the offences will dwindle in proportion is the traditional idea.

The authors of this book write: "We are reminded that when the public hangings of pickpockets were heaviest at historic Tyburn others of the light-fingered fraternity were doing a thriving business in picking the pockets of the crowd gaping at the gibbets."

Delinquency into Crime

To-day, the evidence against this theory is even more convincing: "In America the State of Wisconsin has one of the most liberal penal codes in the country; yet, far from the crime figures of that State being the highest, they are among the lowest."

This book is an innocent enough production on the surface, and bears the stamp of the academic mind, but, as fact after fact falls into place, it soon becomes obvious that the discoveries strike at the very root of our criminal code. If they do not completely upset it, they will seriously rock the legal apple-cart as we know it to-day.

Take that interesting but very nearly mythical point at which the legal mind decides that delinquency has suddenly become crime.

Chuter Ede, the new Home Secretary, will be interested in original methods of curing crime

What is looked upon as a childish lapse for Smith Junior and treated accordingly becomes a crime when Mr. Smith is a few years older—a crime for which he is "guilty," "fully responsible," and "deserving punishment."

A magical line is laid down. On one side of it actions are recognised as being due to complicated causes and sometimes beyond the control of Smith; on the other, as simple, straightforward violations of the law for which Smith is fully responsible.

Judge and Tribunal

Yet it is well known to psychologists that young people mature and become fully responsible at very different ages. Sometimes men of forty still show all the signs of adolescent behaviour, and it may not be their own fault. Are they to be sentenced as criminals, or treated as delinquents? Obviously the magical dividing line cannot be drawn just like that.

But where does this get us? Well and good to sweep away the shams and to discover the truth, but what can be done about it?

The answer to that question brings out the real quality of this book. By one simple adjustment alone the authors succeed in cleaning up whole areas of muddle. In future, they say, let the judge be responsible for establishing guilt and nothing else. Then put the actual sentencing in the hands of a special tribunal.

No Bid for Sympathy

This tribunal must be qualified to distinguish between adolescence and maturity, it should be capable of tracing the springs of behaviour back to their source and should be familiar with all the legal jargon. Not until something of the kind comes about shall we see the majority of sentences beginning to fit the crime.

Don't be misled by the apparent lack of "social indignation" in this book. It is not intended to be a crusade against criminal law. Nor is it just another sentimental attempt to win sympathy for the criminal.

It is a well-argued social document, backed by first-rate evidence, which should sweep away a lot of wrong thinking and may, in the end, bring a far greater number of criminals to their social senses.

VINCENT BROME.

With faces here blotted-out to avoid recognition, these men learn a useful trade at a reformatory. Figures show that 325 out of 400 discharged men did not want to do work for which they had trained

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Brave New Sports

SPORT IS GETTING BACK to peace time status. Only a short time ago I read that J. Dyson, a cask-washer in Burton-on-Trent, had won a barrel-rolling championship. He rolled the barrel over a course of 1,200 yards in 5 minutes 6 seconds against a strong head-wind.

War has seriously handicapped even the mildest of sports. That annual institution, the village fête, has hardly been able to keep going. "Bowling for a Pig" had to become "Bowling for a Tin of Spam." The egg-and-spoon race had to be run with powdered eggs. Sack races disappeared with sacks, and were only possible for very tiny children who would fit into empty sandbags.

I suggest, however, to some enterprising fête organiser that a lot of money would be made by a side-show in which the old-fashioned Aunt Sally was replaced by a figure dressed as a greengrocer.

FROM NORWAY originates a very up-to-date idea which village fêtes might adopt. A war exhibition in Oslo has a minefield where visitors can practise mine detecting. Why not substitute a minefield for the popular "Buried Treasure Hunt," in which people stick little pegs into the ground to see which gets nearest a buried Treasury note?

Image the vicar's wife, peg in hand, saying, "Now, where shall I put it? There. . . . No, that's too near Mrs. Worble. . . . I'll put it *there*,"—then *BANG!*

In my opinion, most forms of sport should be brought up to date. Take huntin', for instance. The Master of Hounds should ride in a jeep and detect the fox by radar. Anglers should take along a submarine detection apparatus, and grouse should be shot with Bren guns.

To replace such antiquated ideas as the Brighton to Glasgow bicycle race, long-distance tank races should be held. The drivers would lose three points for every house damaged and five for every one totally destroyed.

A popular annual spectacle would be to allow the public to watch the various Ministries competing against each other in a paper-chase. Tickets could be obtained by filling in Form R/Z285/786.

And why not a sweepstake on the Bevin Boy ballots?

ALREADY A NEW type of race meeting has arrived. Recently at Workington, Cumberland, bookmakers took bets on the runners in two children's 100-yard races. It was said that thousands of pounds changed hands.

Betting will run higher and heavier, I predict, at a new Queue Stakes. Several hundred housewives will be marshalled in a large arena, and then, at a starting signal, a fishmonger with a piece of fish will be released from a trap. The woman to get the biggest piece will be the winner. A percentage of the proceeds will go to the fishmonger's family.

I suggest also that greyhound racing should be remodelled to allow people to bet on six girls chasing an electric Yank.

For a big popular entertainment I suggest that the Aldershot Tattoo be replaced by a grand spectacle in which a group of Brass-Hats from the War Office are given all the troops, tanks and guns they want and try to capture a single native of any small, obscure country armed with nothing but one atomic bomb.

Free Speech

SOLDIERS—ARE THEY HUMAN?

Troops send safety-first ideas. Will it come to "Britain expects?" Technicians polish floors. Fighters against disease shun limelight. Police-court reform

ASK A SOLDIER whose demobilisation group is not too far away what he wants more than anything else. He will tell you, "To get back to ordinary home life and a job without any fuss or bother and without any civilian sympathy."

Without civilian sympathy—that's the point. Well-meaning, grateful old women (of both sexes) seem to think that the average soldier is no longer human. He must be rehabilitated, coddled, clothed, and taught to read and write again. He must be watched at every step and given that priceless feeling of self-confidence which he is for some reason assumed to have lost in uniform.

Let me speak for my pals. We have not gone back to infancy. We are not cases for the psychiatrist. And, after helping to beat the master-race, we are not at all lacking in the self-confidence needed in civilian life.—CPL. J. HANSON, B.L.A.

Business is Rosy

A FRIEND OF MINE was in his garden recently when a passer-by begged a bunch of roses "for a grave in the cemetery." Touched by the man's plea, my friend let him have the roses.

Judge his disgust when he discovered later that the man was selling the roses

". . . let him have the roses"

in the local market for 2s. each. The "bereaved relative" made about a pound profit.—J. BUCKINGHAM, 169, Hall Green Road, Bell Green, Coventry.

Soldiers on Guard

THE TROOPS STILL OVERSEAS are taking more interest in post-war Britain than some of us at home have thought. You published a letter from my daughter suggesting methods of making our roads safer.

She has received four replies from soldiers in Germany, Italy and India, either supporting her or suggesting alternative precautions. It certainly looks as if the boys are determined to see the country is a better place.—H. V. DUNN, 4, William Street, North Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

There'll Always Be . . .

SCOTLAND WANTS A square deal. As a first step it should be made a misdemeanour with heavy penalties for anyone to use the words "England" and "English" instead of "Britain" and "British."

We're always hearing about the King of England, the English Parliament and so on. The prefix "Anglo" should also be stopped forthwith and we should say "Brito-American" or "Brito-Soviet."—R. H. A., New Cumnock, Ayrshire.

. . . An England

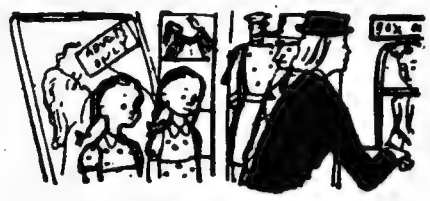
I'VE JUST RUN INTO one of those dreadful Scottish cranks who want to change the English language. He's one of these British-this and British-that fellows.

I suppose he wants us to talk about the British Channel and to misquote Nelson as saying "Britain expects . . ."

If I had only thought of it at the time I would have offered him a "British-and soda."—J. W. WATTS, Plymouth, Devon.

Film Farce

WHEN I LAST WENT to the cinema the film was for adults only. Near the pay-box two little girls came up to ask what seats I was going into. A woman



". . . the film was for adults only"

standing by immediately said she would get tickets for the children. What a farce the grading of films is!—ALFRED ABEL, 174, Waller Road, New Cross, S.E.14.

Building in Plenty

THERE IS A LOT of talk about the shortage of builders and materials, but all round this district brick walls are being built to replace railings taken away for war purposes. I have seen no sign of shortage of bricks and certainly no shortage of labour.—ALBERT CRATE, 5, Ocean View, Newbiggin-by-Sea, Northumberland.

Losing Both Ways

I AM PAYING the ordinary tobacco licence for a weekly supply of 125 cigarettes. It's about time something was done to reduce the licence if we cannot get the goods.—BELLE S. FRASER, 102, Chalmers Street, Dunfermline.

Spiteful Taxi-Driver

ONE MORNING RECENTLY I arrived by train at a main London terminus almost at the time I was due for an Air Force parade about two miles away. I saw a Canadian private leave a taxi (I have its number), and I tried to get it. The driver was very angry. He had been given 2s. for a 1s. 3d. fare—and that was not nearly a big enough tip from a Canadian.

The driver refused to take me, and I was late for parade. I got seven days' C.B., lost a 48-hour leave pass, and was unable to go to a theatre where I had already booked seats.—L.A.C. ——, Royal Canadian Air Force. (Name and address enclosed.)

Advancing Backwards

WHEN IS THIS SILLY muddling going to end? My husband, a senior N.C.O. in the R.A.F., is in Group 27 and in a technical trade. He has been sent on a month's course, which consists of lectures, floor polishing and cleaning black paint off windows. Ex-pilots with about sixty operational flights to their credit share these duties.—MRS. G. WARD, 62, Pankhurst Avenue, Brighton, Sussex.

Bitter-Sweet

SURELY OUR HOSPITALS are not so badly equipped that they cannot provide fruit juice for patients whose lives depend on it? I was always mystified by the special appeals in the newspapers until my own sister fell ill last week. Her complaint made fruit juice necessary, but fortunately an American officer came to the rescue without delay. The hospital could do nothing.—J. L. M., Marsden, near Huddersfield, Yorks.

Leg Theory

HAVE WE DETERIORATED in physical charm? Shakespeare, a keen observer of those around him, thought "what a noble piece of work is man." I, who have just come back from the seaside, cannot agree.

The male and female legs displayed

". . . not so much paddling in Shakespeare's day"

in and out of the sea were revolting, white and shapeless. Perhaps there was not so much paddling in Shakespeare's day.—Mrs. S. H., Alsager, Cheshire.

Forgotten Without Fuss

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT Forgotten Armies? Doing a job to the best of one's ability and securing results is recompense in itself.

I and my colleagues form a small unit of research workers. We are fighting things like malaria, blackwater fever and other tropical diseases. We have to work in the worst parts of West Africa. I wager not 5 per cent. of the British Army have ever heard of us.

But we are all satisfied that we are doing an essential job and that we're helping to beat the Japanese. We do not want publicity. If you publish this, will you forward the guinea to my little daughter?—whom I have not yet seen.—L./CPL. B., West Africa. (Address enclosed.)

Plea for Legal Advice

THERE SEEMS A crying need for some sort of advice bureau to be attached to every police-court. A defendant who is not represented by a solicitor should be able to apply to it for guidance on court procedure before appearing before the magistrates.

My work often takes me into the courts, and I am convinced that defendants found guilty would frequently receive lighter penalties if they knew how to conduct their cases properly.—MRS. M. L. ABBOTT, 5, Elm Road, Shefford, Bedfordshire.

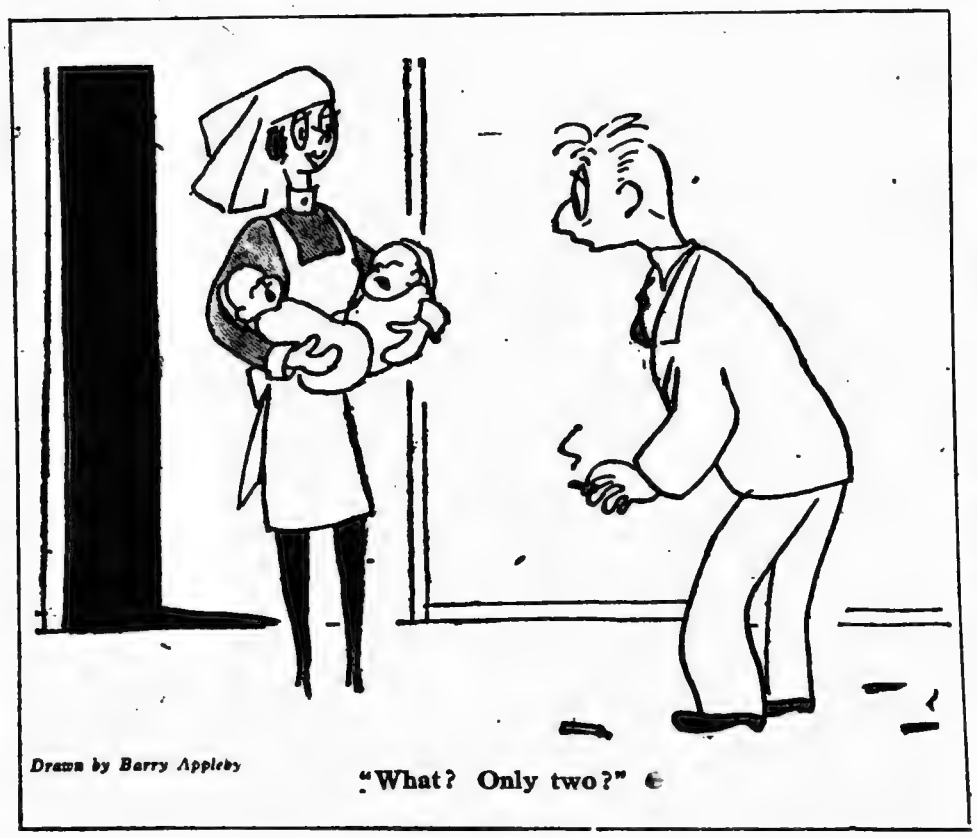
Pathos in Main Street

IN A MAIN STREET the other day I saw an elderly man—pretty clearly an old-age pensioner—standing in the gutter trying to rake something from the road with his stick. He was collecting cigarette ends and trying to pretend he wasn't doing it.

Clean and respectably dressed, he was obviously embarrassed. I gave him some cigarettes and he could not thank me enough. I walked off thinking it is time something more was done for old-age pensioners.—MRS. D. HUMBERSTONE, 103, Elm Walk, Raynes Park, S.W.20.

Grouse against Grousers

AS A CONSTANT and ardent reader of JOHN BULL for a long time, I am growing a bit fed up with the "Free Speech" page. In contrast with the rest of a well-written and entertaining paper, this page has become a complaining ground for a majority of folk who have lost a bob or two somewhere and want to get it back in the shape of a guinea grouse.—S. JAMISON, Lawnbrook Avenue, Belfast, Northern Ireland.



Drawn by Barry Appleby

"What? Only two?"

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

When the girl in uniform persuaded a lorry-driver to break the rules and give her a lift she was to take part in the most important morning of his life

He suddenly saw her step a couple of paces out into the road and signal to him

A Ride with Mick

JOHN BULL Short Story by GERALD BUTLER

AFTER HE HAD DRAWN CLEAR of the town, the road straightening out ahead of him, the engine of the lorry whirring steadily under his feet, he suddenly saw her step a couple of paces out into the road and signal to him. She signalled by sweeping one arm round in the direction he was going. She was in uniform. She carried a small grip in her other hand.

Mick did not check his speed, but steered the lorry a little more out into the road to clear her and to show that he was not stopping. It was strictly against the company's rules to stop and pick her up. It was a rule which Mick had never broken, and had never been tempted to break. There were too many stories of trouble on the road.

So he swung out to pass her. But as he drew abreast of her, he suddenly changed his mind. This time, this journey, someone to talk to was more important than anything else. He lifted his foot from the throttle and trod it on the brake. He heard her feet running the few yards to catch him up, and he leaned across and threw open the near-side door of the driver's cab.

She looked up at him.

"Going London way?"

He nodded.

"Can I have a lift?"

"Yes. Get in."

"Thanks." She put her grip up first, and then climbed up into the high cab. It was a fully enclosed cab. She quickly checked that the window on her side would open, and that she could open the door easily. Then she looked at him and laughed.

"Sorry," she said. "Just sort of force of habit."

"It's against the rules to lift you," he said.

"I know. But a lot of fellows have saved me money by breaking that little rule. That's a lot."

"If I tell you to duck, don't wait to ask why. Just duck down out of sight quickly."

"Don't worry," she said. "I know the drill."

HE TURNED HIS HEAD to look at her. She was nice-looking. He guessed her to be about twenty-three or four.

"It's a nice bright morning," he said. He wanted to talk. He did not care what they talked about, but he wanted them to talk.

"You're living in the past," she said. "It was a nice bright morning a couple of hours ago, but now it's beastly. How far are you going?"

"North London," he said.

"Entering on the North Circular Road?"

"Yes."

"You're a gift from heaven," she told him. "You'll pass within a hundred yards of where I want to get to. How long do you reckon it will take us?"

"I'm scheduled in at twelve o'clock," he said. As he said it, his hands suddenly gripped the wheel fiercely.

She looked at the watch on her wrist.

"That's three hours," she said. "At this speed you'll be there long before twelve. It's just nine now."

He pulled a big watch from his pocket, and glanced down at it.

"It's seven minutes past," he said. "If you make it nine o'clock, your watch must be slow. I'm sure mine is right."

"Maybe," she said.

"When did you last put yours right?" he asked, pressingly. "Does it lose?"

"I don't know what it does," she said. "And I don't much care. I never was much of a one for being punctual to the dot."

"I want to know the right time. I must know it exactly. I'll have to stop and check it somewhere."

"I shouldn't bother," she smiled. "Yours is sure to be right, because mine's sure to be wrong. Anyway, you'll still be nicely ahead of time at this speed. This is a pretty good truck you've got."

"I shan't be much ahead of time," he retorted. "I've allowed for stopping to 'phone."

"Your best girl?" she asked.

"They don't always put you through very quickly," he said. "Sometimes a trunk call or a toll call takes ages."

"Such impatience sounds as if it *must* be your best girl," she decided.

"I 'phoned last thing last night and it took nearly half an hour. This morning was quicker. Got through almost straight away. There was nothing to tell me, of course. Why should there be?"

The last words were flung out as if they were a challenge.

He went on: "They told me it was going to be at eleven o'clock. But they might do it earlier. They might change their minds and do it earlier." He pulled out his watch and looked at it again. "I'll 'phone from the next village. Look out for a call-box."

They came to a crossroads, with a village lying away to the right. There was a telephone box on the corner. He stopped the lorry, and turned the engine off. He opened the door and dropped down on to the road and walked quickly to the box.

She sat and waited for him. He came back after a few minutes. He climbed up into the driving cab and shut the door. He sat there very still and taut, looking ahead through the windscreen, looking at nothing.

He suddenly turned towards her, and with both of his hands he clutched one of her arms in a tight grip.

"I guess I'm scared," he blurted out. "I can't help being scared. I can't help it."

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

Then she felt his grip loosen, and he took his hands away.

"My wife's having a baby at eleven o'clock," he said.

Her face widened, and then she started to laugh, and then she was leaning back in the seat and her whole body was jerking with unmanageable laughter.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped. "And I thought you were going to kill me at least Oh, dear! The way some of you men sweat about it!"

Then she saw his face, and stopped laughing.

She put out a hand and touched him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to laugh at you really. Of course you're . . . kind of worked up. But there's no need to be. After all, it happens every day."

He muttered: "That's all the comfort they ever give you. They say it happens every day. They don't understand."

"Come on," she advised in a friendly voice. "Start the engine and get going. Take your mind off it."

He leaned forward slowly, with a mechanical kind of movement, and pressed the starter. As the lorry moved forward, she said to him:

"Eleven o'clock you say? You must have a lot of confidence in your guessing powers. Nobody ever guesses right about that, you know. And as for guessing the actual *hour*. . . . !"

He pulled the gear lever back into top. Then he spoke very softly and slowly. The tautness seemed to have gone from him.

"There isn't any guessing," he said. "The way they are doing it, they set the time. They do it when they think."

"Oh," she said, quietly.

"They're doing it with an operation," he said, as though she might not have understood.

"Yes, I know."

"They said it would have to be done that way." His voice was calm, he seemed quite relaxed now.

"IT'S OFTEN DONE," she said. "I wouldn't worry about it, really. It's quite a usual thing these days. They do it so marvellously that it's . . . well, it's really easier that way."

"I know that's what they say."

"Is this your first one?"

"I suppose you'd say so," he said. "The other one was born dead."

"Oh."

"Afterwards they had her in a hospital to look at her," he explained. "Then they told her that if ever she had another one she would have to have it done this way." He was speaking very quickly again now. "I didn't want to risk it again. I didn't want to risk her getting hurt any more. But she wanted it. I suppose. . . . I suppose she's braver than I am, somehow."

The girl by his side said: "It'll be all right. They'll look after her all right."

He turned his head towards her.

"I want to have the baby," he said. "But not if it means they've got to hurt her. I don't want them to risk anything with her. The baby doesn't matter a damn compared with her. I told them that. But I ought to have told them more clearly."

"But they understand that all right," she said gently. "They always understand that."

"But do they? Do they? People talk so much about babies, they seem to think it's only the baby that matters. But it isn't the baby that matters. It's her."

"Look out! Look where you're going. You won't help her by driving into the bank."

He pulled the lorry round and got it straight again.

"I'd better 'phone again soon," he muttered.

AS THEY PASSED a roadside café he saw a telephone sign on the door. They were just beyond the café by the time he had stopped. He got out and she heard him running back to it. After a few minutes, she heard steps walking slowly towards her. She looked out of the window and saw it was he. His face was very white, and as he put up his hand to pull himself into the cab she saw his hand was shaking.

He sat in the seat, and shut the door. He looked at her. There was a bewildered, childlike look in his eyes.

"They're doing it now," he whispered.

He suddenly clutched at her with his

ands again. She did not try to stop
im or move away.
"They're doing it now," he repeated.
He was leaning towards her and hold-
g her very tightly with his hands. For
reason she did not herself quite under-
tand, she put an arm round him, and
eld him to her.
"Please let her be all right," he was
ying. "Please let her be all right."
Her arm was round him and she was
olding him firmly.
"She'll be all right," she assured him.
He closed his eyes, and then lowered
is head so that his forehead was rest-
g on her shoulder.
"I'll kill them if they hurt her," he
id. "I swear I'll kill them if they hurt
er. *I'll kill them if they hurt her!*"
"She'll be all right."

HE COULD FEEL his hands gripping her
fiercely, bruisingly. Then he suddenly
fted his face. His eyes were still closed.
e put his lips against her cheek. He
arted to kiss her. He was speaking
hile he was kissing her.
"Don't let them hurt you, Betty. I'll
ill them if they hurt you. Don't let
em hurt you, darling."
He was kissing her over the face and
n the hair.
Then, at last, she jerked him away
om her.
"It doesn't take long," she said
uietly. "Let me go and 'phone again
or you."
"No, I must do it." He dropped down
ut of the cab and started to run back
o the café. She looked at him out of
e window. He was running like a
runken man.
But when he appeared again he was
unning straight and fast.
"She's all right," he shouted. "It's all
er and she's all right."
"And the baby?"
"Yes. And the baby."
He rubbed the back of his hand quickly
gainst his eyes.
"Something in my eye," he said.
"Yes." She was smiling at him. "Boy
r girl?"
He looked blankly at her.
"I don't know. I believe they did say
omething, but I can't have been pro-
erly listening."
"You fathers!" she said.
"I must hurry now. They think I
ay be able to see her for a few
inutes at about three this afternoon."
"Well, that gives you plenty of time.
o need to break your neck."

"OH, I'LL NEED all that time. By the
time I've checked the load in, and
ut on a decent suit, and spruced myself
p, and bought some flowers. . . ." He
tarted to whistle a tune.
"If you drop me on the next corner,"
he said, "I'm practically on the door-
tep."
As they stopped, he turned and
rinned at her.
"Fancy me not knowing if it's a boy
r girl!"
She laughed. She opened the door of
h cab. "What's your name, by the
ay?"
"Mick," he told her.
She dropped down on to the road.
"Good luck, Daddy Mick." She smiled
t him.
She stood watching the back of the
orry, hearing the changing whine as
ick went through the gears. Then she
icked up her grip, and walked up the
ide road to where she lived. She was
arlier than her mother had expected.
"Got a lift in a lorry," she explained.
"But darling, wasn't it terribly bumpy
oming all that way in a lorry?" her
ond mother asked.
"No. It was a very special lorry.
There was a baby born in it on the way
down."
Her mother peered at her.
"You must be joking, my dear!"
"Joking?" She shrugged her shoul-
ers. "Well, perhaps I am. But only
ust!"

Investigating cases of re-settlement delayed by red-tape, HARRY FOWLER finds that:

Ex-Servicemen Are Being Fooled

WITH THE EARLY PROSPECT of large numbers of men being released from the Services, it is worth inquiring whether some of those already discharged or demobilised—particularly those who are attempting to start or restart small businesses—are getting a fair deal.

In my opinion they are very often not.

Consider the plight of Mr. H. J. Parry, of Pevensey Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Mr. Parry, who served during the last war in the Navy, and in the Mercantile Marine in this war, had lived in Eastbourne for thirty years, and had a small dairy roundsman's business in the town until September, 1940.

His district suffered heavily from enemy bombing; a large proportion of his customers moved to safer areas, with the result that his once prosperous little business faded away.

Something had to be done about it. Mr. Parry was forced to shut up shop, and for a time went to work elsewhere. He joined the Merchant Navy when the Battle of the Atlantic was at its worst, and served until 1944.

Returning to Eastbourne some months ago, he began another battle—a fight to reopen his dairy business. So far it has been a losing battle.

Although Mr. Parry has had the assistance of Major Charles Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, who brought the facts of his case to the personal notice of Mr. William Mabane, M.P.—then Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food—this ex-Merchant Navy man has spent over nine months in an abortive attempt to regain his milk round.

Milkless Milkman

The Ministry of Food appears as powerless as Mr. Parry himself to persuade the Eastbourne War Time Dairymans' Association to reinstate him in his business.

Shortly after Mr. Parry joined up, a "rationalisation scheme" of milk deliveries was put into operation in Eastbourne, and those of his customers who have since returned to the town, have been taken over by other retailers.

When the Ministry of Food was made aware of the facts, a high official in London said: "We shall do our best to provide him with a milk round which would be related to his former trade."

Earlier the same official had written: "If it is a question of Mr. Parry obtaining a licence to reopen his business, he will, of course, obtain a licence as of right, since he will be a member of the priority classes."

After these assurances, Mr. Parry began to be mildly optimistic that something effective would be done, but after long months of delay, optimism faded into despair.

"My savings are ebbing fast," he said, "and I am naturally worried about the interminable delays in dealing with this matter."

The crux of the position is that though the Government has said that Mr. Parry can restart his dairy business, the local Dairymen's Association refuses to allot him milk. Which gives him a splendid opportunity of setting up as a milkless milkman!

Since my investigations were made, two more meetings were convened between officials from the Milk Division, Ministry of Food, and the local Dairymen's Association.

And I am now glad to report that at long last Mr. Parry has been allowed to restart his business. But the appalling fact is that he has had to spend almost twelve months fighting for the right to restart his business. During this time he and his friends have waged a local Press campaign, have been compelled to enlist the support of M.P.s, and eventually had to summon the aid of a Government department before long-delayed justice was done to him.

New faces at the Ministry of Food and Board of Trade. Sir Stafford Cripps (left) and Sir Ben Smith (right) can help the returned Serviceman to get a job without delay

Unfortunately there is accumulating evidence that many men leaving the Forces are experiencing similar difficulties, particularly the type of disabled man who is unable to return to his old job and tries to set up in business on his own account.

There is, for example, an ex-Service reader of Westcliff-on-Sea, who served in the last war, and after the tragedy of Dunkirk, again volunteered for service. He was discharged from the Army owing to a breakdown in health, which has prevented him from returning to his old job as a 'bus driver.

This man, with a wife and five children of school age, was naturally anxious to find a suitable business opening. Knowing of an empty shop in Southend, an ideal place to open as a café, he applied to the local Food Committee for a trading licence—which application was promptly rejected.

In the meantime, he had been granted an option on the shop.

Determined to go down fighting, he tackled the Ministry of Food and had further interviews with local officials.

After more delays, the local Food Control Committee had some rather belated second thoughts, and this applicant was told that a licence would be granted for him to open a café—but not in busy Southend, where he would have an all the year round trade, with a good chance of success, but in nearby Westcliff-on-Sea, in a residential area, where his trade would be largely seasonal, and where his chance of building up a successful business is, to put it mildly, hazardous.

Growing Problem

These are typical cases. Obviously there must be safeguards to prevent the indiscriminate opening of new businesses without consideration of local circumstances. But there is a grave danger that Food Control Committees or local Price Regulation Committees have the power to prevent ex-Servicemen from entering business in their areas.

A different type of case is that of a discharged soldier in a country town who, since last September, has been trying to get a licence to run a taxi-cab for hire.

This man can obtain a car for his purpose, but he has been informed by the local Watch Committee, which decides the allocation of such licences, that his application had "not been granted." No reason for this decision was given.

"I know definitely that others have recently been granted licences," he says, "and I am far from convinced that the Forces are getting a fair deal."

Such problems of resettlement in civil life will grow in intensity.

It is clearly stated by the Board of Trade that every ex-trader on the register "will be entitled to reopen his business after the war."

But here is the complication. The Board of Trade also states: "The ex-soldier is automatically granted a licence if he should be fortunate enough to discover premises in the same area as his last shop, but if he secures premises in another area, we cannot guarantee that he will be granted a licence."

Searchlight on Committees

Which means that ex-Sergeant Brown, who had a small business in Market Place, when he was called up for military service five years ago, may find that his shop has since been taken over by a multiple or chain store company, or his old premises may have been reduced to a pile of rubble by an enemy bomb.

He slowly realises that he has no guarantee that he will be granted a licence to trade elsewhere by the local committee, and the promise that he will be "entitled to reopen his business after the war" becomes meaningless.

Clearly, this "Small Businesses" problem needs careful watching by the Government, if ex-Servicemen are to be convinced that the promises made to them are not being broken or forgotten.

Certainly the local committees which govern these matters should be above suspicion.

With this end in view, I suggest:

(1) The names of all committee members, together with their business interests and connections, should be clearly posted at the Town Hall, the Post Offices and in public libraries for all to see.

(2) Meetings for the committees should be held not in secret, but in open public session, and when an application is rejected the reason should be clearly and publicly stated.

(3) The unsuccessful applicant must have not only the right, but easy and practical means, to higher authority—not the Ministry of Food, which will inevitably be inclined to support a decision of its local committee.

Only by turning the searchlight of full publicity on these committees, their personnel and their decisions, will the danger of their exercising dictatorial powers be removed.

His Midnight Thrill

MOTOR mechanic H. W. Isaac (45, Victoria Gardens, Bideford) returned from his holidays at midnight one recent Sunday. There at his home was a Joy Wire from Long Acre announcing his £100-plus-Holiday First Prize with the *Bullet*: For The Children's Sake—Hope "Party" Includes "Magician"!

Never before had he won even the smallest cash prize. So whether or not you have yet scored in *Bullets*, you can turn your coupon below into cash.

FINAL HOLIDAY CHEQUES

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £400

£100 Cash First plus Free Holiday for Two.

£20 plus £5 Holiday Cash

£10 plus £5 Holiday Cash

3 of £8, 3 of £6, 3 of £4

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1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated Sept. 8 with details of new £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

TONIC FOR THE NATION
LABOUR'S TEAM
GLORIOUS CHANCE
FIRST-CLASS BRAINS
MAINSPRING OF PROGRESS
FOR CHARITY'S SAKE
TO THE BITTER END
NEVER BEFORE
ROOF AND FOUR WALLS
IT'S A FUNNY THING, BUT
HARDLY TACTFUL
GOING TO THE DOGS
VOICE WITHIN
SOBERING THOUGHT
IMAGINATION
HE'S A SKINFLINT, SO
IN SUSPENSE
AGONISING YELL
UNDER PROTEST
DAD SLIPPED UP AND

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

SHOWS WE'RE .....
BEHIND .....
..... MAN
LEFT TO.....
BE ..... AND
WORKING WITH .....

Result No. 1,488—First Prize £100 & Seaside Holiday

J. B. BEGGS, 4, LUCERNE PARADE, BELFAST, N. IRELAND.
FELT LIKE A LORD
TOMMY—PLAIN "MR." AGAIN

£25: J. White, 86, Villiers Road, Willesden, N.W.2.
Worth Waiting For—Government Not "Lagging Behind."

£15: F. Jackson, 69, Lloyds Avenue (*Please supply town*).
Labour Of Love—Made Rut "Happy Valley."

3 of £8:
A. Gillespie, 16, Howat Street, Glasgow, S.W.1.
Wifey's Holiday—Meant Spending—Spent Mending.
H. W. Rose, "Dublin," Ramsgate Road, Broadstairs, Kent.
Bit Of A Brute—Problem Of Taming German.
H. Woodworth, 38, Mickley Lane, Totley Rise, Sheffield.
In The Way Of Democracy—Leopold—That's *Belgium's* "Ruling."

3 of £6:
Mrs. A. Lamb, 47, Burnthwaite Rd., L'pool.
Packed Like Sardines—"Travel Is So Broadening!"
R. Mayhew, 27, Wellington Street, Heanor, Notts.
Britain's Programme—Enterprising Control Controlling Enterprise.
A. J. Ratcliffe, 22, Buckingham Crescent, Hanford, Stoke-on-Trent.
In The Way Of Sea—View, Too Many "Seaviews"!

3 of £4:
A. Hewitt, 85, Town Lane, Denton, Mjc.
Worth Waiting For—Opposition's Catcalls, Oxford Accent!
Pte. E. G. Warrilaw, R.A.M.C., Annsmuir Camp, Ladybank, Fife.
A Mockery—Sacrifices, If Shack Suffices.
A. W. Watling, 35, Chapel Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.
In The Museum—At Aberdeen, Unbitten Sixpence!

A list of 25 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND PENS WON—XWORD 440
WINNING WORDS: 1. Poppy. 2. Stale. 3. Locks. 4. Jobs or Sobs. 5. Bill. 6. Goad. 7. Bees. 8. Tip. 9. Fort. 10. Mate. 11. Stag. 12. Tent, Tent or Tent. 13. Gin or Tin. 14. Loss.
£50 SHARERS: Pte. S. L. Jary, 114, High Street, Walthamstow, E.; A. H. Palmer, 96, King Edward Street, Blaengarw, Bridgend; S. G. Rooke, 83, Llewellyn Street, Port Talbot.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 24 entrants. All winners and Runners-up receive Fountain Pen as offered.

RULES 1.—**Bullets** First Prize will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value **6d.** for two **Bullets**, or **1s.** to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupon must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,492, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 27

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write to JOHN BULL about it

CAN FEAR OF THUNDER BE CURED?

Books on boxing. Problem child of a first marriage. When family sentiment is a menace. Training scheme for motor mechanics

"EVERY TIME MY daughter hears thunder she becomes terrified and starts crying. We try to pacify her, but it is useless. She runs upstairs and gets under the bed, staying there till the storm is over.

"Will she outgrow this fear or will it continue all her life? I should be glad to have your advice."

She will almost certainly outgrow this extreme fear, although she will probably always feel a little alarm. After all, a bad thunderstorm is rather alarming. Hence the emotion displayed by primitive peoples during thunder, and their anxiety to placate the gods who are thought to be responsible.

Are you sure you remain calm and unaffected yourself? The mother who rushes about the house covering up mirrors and knives fails to understand the nature of lightning and the effect of her fright is to implant fear in her children.

"MY WIFE WAS an illegitimate child, but has always been known by the name of her mother's husband. We were married in church eleven years ago, but now we are told that, in the eyes of the law, we are not legally married. Ought we to go through the ceremony a second time in my wife's real name? Will there be any difficulty about the old-age pension when she reaches the age?"

Your marriage is perfectly legal. There is no necessity to go through the ceremony again.

There is no need to worry about the old age pension. The authorities will want to establish your wife's date of birth, and she can prove that by her birth certificate.

"I HAVE SOME KNOWLEDGE of boxing, but want to learn some of the finer points. Is there a good book on the subject?"

You might get *The Complete Art of Amateur Boxing* (10s. 6d.) and *How to Box* (7s. 6d.), published by Methuen and Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

Another firm which has produced a number of inexpensive books on the subject is Link House Publications, Ltd., Store Street, London, W.C.1. I suggest you write for their list.

Any good bookseller will get the books for you. If you order by post from the publishers you will have to pay postage.

"I MARRIED A WAR WIDOW who had a child nearly five years old. We also have a baby of our own. The older child is shy, self-willed and difficult to handle. Her moods of defiance and temper have, in my opinion, been caused by her father's parents, who have spoilt her. They live in the same village and often want the girl to visit them. Should we allow this to continue, or should we move right away from them? My wife has no objection to our moving."

If you were the father you could act more decisively, but it is difficult for a stepfather to do this. You would be told that the child is not yours. In my view, the problem has been created by "too many cooks."

The first thing to do with the

girl is to understand the reason for her tantrums. It is quite probable that they are due to jealousy of the new baby. She may feel that she has been displaced. If this is the explanation, what is required is not a spanking but an assurance that she is still loved by her mother—and by you.

In these days of housing shortage one has to think twice about leaving a neighbourhood. I should advise you to stay where you are.

Neither you nor your wife should let the girl think that you are worried or impressed by her behaviour. It gives her a sense of power which she will secretly enjoy. Let her see her grandparents occasionally, but make the visits less frequent and of short duration.

"MY WIFE'S MOTHER suffers from tuberculosis, but she came out of the sanatorium before the treatment was completed. For years she has had a continual cough. My wife and I were living with her parents, but when she was expecting a baby, the doctor, knowing my mother-in-law's condition, told me I ought to get my wife away because of the danger to the baby when it arrived.

I did so, but my father-in-law was pig-headed, said we were "running away," and we parted with bad feelings.

A lovely baby was born, and my wife realises we did the best thing, but she is distressed about it. We keep getting letters from her sister begging us to let her mother see the baby. I know what would happen. She would pick him up, play with him and kiss him, and there would be great danger of infection.

You have acted rightly and I am glad your wife is being sensible about it. The baby is the most important person in the whole family. You can't expose him to the risk of serious infection just because of sentiment. It would be a tragedy to sacrifice your child on the altar of family feeling.

Your in-laws ought to be able to understand and respect your motives. But apart from your personal problem, every effort should be made to get your mother-in-law to undergo treatment. At present she is a danger to herself and others.

Resettlement Plan

C. H., Leicester: I think you have in mind the pamphlet entitled *The Army Education Scheme*, which can be purchased from H.M. Stationery Office through any bookseller. The cost is twopence. The scheme has been worked out in order to assist the resettlement of both men and women in the Army. A course is provided for motor mechanics.

Lieut. J., Edinburgh: Your service will have to be checked before your position with regard to gratuity and retired pay can be determined definitely. I suggest that you take advantage of the instruction laid down in an A.C.I. published on May 23, 1945, and write direct to F.3, War Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. An official ruling will then be given.

E. W., Camborne: As you were born in Western Australia, you should apply to the Agent-General for Western Australia, Savoy House, Strand, London, W.C.2, giving full details of your birth and enclosing a postal order value five shillings. The necessary search will then be made.

A. F., Birmingham: If you have given up your employment in order to start in business on your own account, you will cease to be dealt with under the P.A.Y.E. system. If, however, your employment is to continue, the business being dealt with in your spare time with the help of your wife and son, then your P.A.Y.E. code number (amended if necessary) will still be used in taxing your earnings and your business profits will be assessed separately.

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Youngsters ought not to be allowed to play with these—KN□VES. 2. Market gardener may regret his vegetables being this—FOR□ED. 3. Work of irrigation is sometimes held up for—DA□. 4. A man may easily give his sweetheart this—□OLD. 5. Cynic may think colt was upset by—B□T. 6. Has been known to make and lose fortune very quickly—STA□. 7. Many a defeated parliamentary candidate must feel—□ULL. 8. Modern schoolboy doesn't hear quite so much about—CA□ES. 9. These may produce ducks—WIL□S. 10. May well make you rock—CO□. 11. Probably causes farmer anxiety if sparks begin to fly—ST□CK. 12. Troops thinking more of this than of fighting, may go to bits—GR□B. 13. Is commonly found in churchyard—□USH. 14. Coal may easily become this—PO□ER.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Sept. 8 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark **—MONDAY, Aug. 27.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 444, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 440 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

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SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

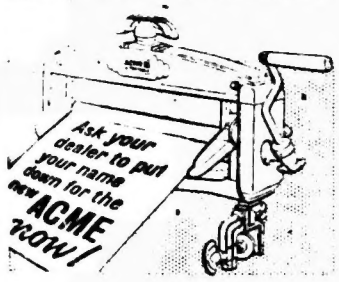
Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

For five years I've dreamed about my new home—

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too—and both come out just perfect.

Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.



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Iron as a Munition of Health

By a Doctor of Science

Although iron is only one in 25,000 parts of the body weight, a constant supply of this mineral is vital to our health and vigour. Iron is an essential constituent of the red colouring material of the blood, hæmoglobin, which is again essential to the proper development of red blood corpuscles. Insufficient iron (*iron - starvation*) results in too little hæmoglobin, and an inadequate number of red corpuscles. Not only does the blood itself become poor (anæmia), but it is unable to convey sufficient oxygen to the body cells. The effects of *iron-starvation* soon make themselves felt. We lack energy and tire easily. We become depressed and listless.

Appetite begins to fail, digestion is difficult. The skin and mucous membranes become pale, and this paleness is particularly noticeable on the lips and inside the eyelids. Hair becomes dull and lifeless. Eyes lose their sparkle.

Under conditions of stress, body chemistry makes increasingly exacting demands upon the blood, and our need of iron becomes still more urgent. This is true, for example, of many illnesses, of motherhood, of nervous strain and overwork.

It is therefore advisable to keep up your iron reserve by taking a reliable iron tonic such as IRON 'JELLOIDS,' which provides medicinal iron in a form in which it is always fresh, easy to take, and readily assimilated.

There are few who will not benefit from periodical courses of IRON 'JELLOIDS'—say, a four to six weeks' course twice or thrice a year. IRON 'JELLOIDS' cannot injure or discolour the teeth, and they improve digestion.

Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4, includes Purchase Tax.

The hands that serve a thousand meals . . .

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L'Onglex Powder
NAIL POLISH

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHTS
COAL TAR SOAP
ONE TABLET
ONE COUPON

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

In War or Peace

Many thousands of fighting men have been saved from death by blood transfusion—many more will be saved in the Far East. This life-saving service must be continued now for civilian cases—whether accidents in factory, pit or street, or serious illness—as well as Service casualties. This means maintaining panels of blood donors and reserves of blood in all parts of the country.

What do I do...?

If I am already enrolled as a blood donor *I attend without fail when called upon.*

If I wish to enrol as a blood donor I apply to the nearest large hospital or to the local Blood Transfusion Service.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space **presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society**

PLENTY OF POUNCE

"Modern kittens have no manners. Fancy teasing a fellow when he's ill."

"For mewing out loud—'Tibs'—that'll put pounce into my paws again."

"Come on kittens! Time we hit the high spots—heigh-ho for a roof-top race!"

TIBS *keep cats kittenish*

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport

37P

PERSPIRATION CHECKED

Don't let underarm perspiration rob you of personal daintiness. One application of Veet Liquid Deodorant keeps you fragrantly fresh for 48 hours. Prevents ugly stains on precious frocks. From Chemists and Stores 10½d. per bottle.

VEET *Liquid deodorant*
guarantees personal freshness

● Of course you must remove superfluous hair. Just apply Veet Hair Removing Cream direct from tube. Wash off after 4 minutes—every trace of hair is gone, leaving no shadow.

Andrews for INNER CLEANLINESS helps to keep you fit

See how Andrews cleanses the entire system:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, and relieves constipation.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

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FOOD FACTS

No. 2 IN A SPECIAL SERIES

Making the most of.... FATS

How to have enough fat for cooking and baking is a problem in most households during the present world shortage. To help you on those "rock-bottom" days when your supply of fats is at its lowest, here are some fat-saving recipes and suggestions.

SOME FAT-SAVING RECIPES

FAT-SAVING PASTRY: *1 oz. fat; 5 oz. flour; ½ level teaspoon salt; 2½ level teaspoons baking powder; milk to mix.*

Rub fat into flour, add salt and baking powder. Mix to a soft scone dough with milk. Roll out and use to cover a pie; bake in a hot oven. Use also in place of suet pastry for steamed meat or fruit puddings.

COOKING FISH WITHOUT FAT: If you have a heavy frying-pan, you can fry herrings or sprats without fat. Heat the pan first and sprinkle in salt, before frying. Herrings are also delicious grilled, and of course need no fat cooked this way.

Bake fish in the oven whenever possible, to save using fat. Place it in a casserole or fireproof dish and cover with a piece of margarine wrapping paper. When serving pour any juice from the fish over the top.

OVER 70's

Don't throw away the top part of your card of additional tea coupons. This will be needed when you apply for your new card.

SCONES WITHOUT FAT: *8 oz. flour; ½ level teaspoon salt, 4 level teaspoons baking powder; milk to mix.*

Blend dry ingredients well and mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll out ½ inch thick, cut into rounds and bake in hot oven for 10-15 minutes. These should be eaten hot.

This recipe makes very good dumplings. Shape in small balls and drop into boiling liquid (soup, stew, fruit juice, etc.). Cook 15-20 minutes.

STEAMED MARMALADE PUDDING: *½ lb. stale bread cut in slices; ½ pint milk; 2 dried eggs reconstituted; 1 oz. sugar; 2 tablespoons marmalade.*

Bring milk nearly to boiling point and pour over the bread. Stand for at least 10 minutes, then beat to a pulp with a fork. Add eggs well beaten, sugar, and one tablespoon marmalade. Grease a basin and spread the other tablespoon of marmalade over the bottom. Pour in the pudding mixture and cover with greased paper. Steam 1 hour. Turn out carefully on to a hot plate, allowing the marmalade to fall round it like a sauce.

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(Sgd.) R. M.

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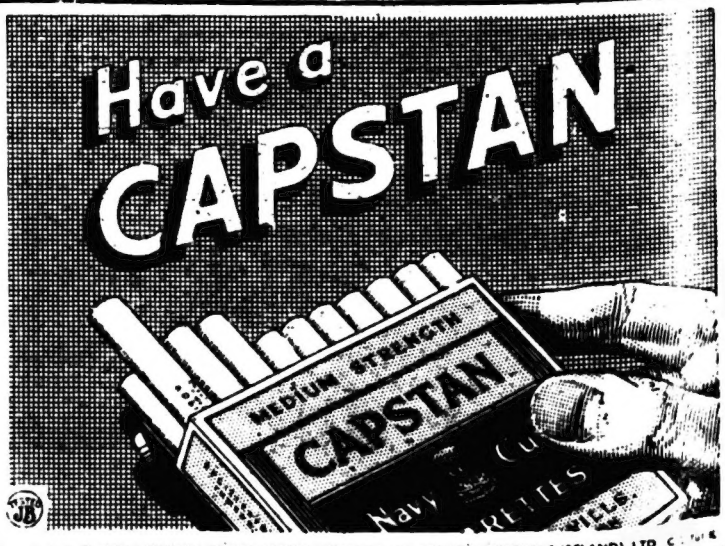

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